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FRANCE, SPAIN, AND ITALY.

IT is very hard on the harmless politicians of Paris that the visit of the King of SPAIN should be a matter of no moment whatever. Here is a Sovereign of a sort—not a very imposing or venerable sort, but still a Sovereign—who comes to Paris and sees a fine review in a soaking rain, and all the city is agog to see and look at him, and the occasion is admirable for acute politicians to find a secret meaning in the visit. But it will not do; there is absolutely no straw to make the bricks with. It has been a matter of utter indifference to every one, except the venders of Court-dresses and fireworks, that this poor KING should have had his little outing. There is positively no hope of persuading even the gossips of Paris that the KING's visit is going to introduce a new future for the Latin races. In fact, the little halting attempt to set this theory afloat is merely due to the world of Paris newspaper readers being tired of the Princess ANNA MURAT. For a time it seemed as if there might be some interest in a great struggle of great ladies, and a plot in which the Empress of the FRENCH should help a heroine to marry her lover in spite of the Queen of SPAIN was not badly conceived. But the worst of the marriages of great people is that they become so very uninteresting if they do not take place. There is Prince HUMBERT of Italy, for example. One day he is going to marry the Princess ANNA MURAT, for she is given in turn to every young man of royal birth; the next day he is to marry the sister of the Princess of WALES; and now he is gone to Sweden, to see if there is a marriageable princess there. But as he is not positively known to be going to marry any one, it becomes a tame pleasure to hear him assigned to one princess after another. In the same way, the Parisians got tired of the story of the troubled current of the loves of the Infante of SPAIN and the Princess ANNA. It might be true or not, but there was nothing definite, tangible, and precise to know or say about it. So a political instead of a romantic interest was substituted, and the King of SPAIN, of all attractive beings in the world, was supposed to have come to Paris to knit more closely the bonds of love and friendship which unite France to Spain. When once the idea was started, there were plenty of reasons to show its truth and importance. There always are; and a Paris pamphleteer would be a very poor creature if he could not show that all history and philosophy have been leading up for ages to any hypothesis that has happened to come into his head, and has struck him as being worth twenty francs. In this case, reasons for the new and intimate alliance of France, as signified by the arrival of the King of SPAIN, were as plentiful as blackberries. France wants a new ally, for she is menaced by the rising greatness of Prussia; but this ally must be a strongly Catholic ally, in order to balance the irreligious tendencies of the Italian alliance; and, lastly, the ally must be one without a policy of its own. No other country answers these conditions but Spain, and therefore Spain must be going to be the intimate ally of France—all which is as plain as the sun at noonday. And honest, conservative, far-seeing Imperialists may, it is added, congratulate themselves on the auspicious event, for the Spanish alliance will do the EMPEROR much good, and will serve to keep him off that dangerous and lamentable tenderness for revolutionary and heretical people which he has sometimes shown.

Without doubt, France and Spain are becoming more closely united than they were. Many circumstances are bringing them nearer to each other, and the chief of these circumstances is the gradual progress of Spain towards material prosperity. There certainly was ample room for a more cordial understanding, for the feelings of Spain towards France have long been as hostile as is compatible with the preservation of peace between two neighbouring countries. The QUEEN is almost fanatical in her dread and dislike of Imperial France. The

people are so loath to part with their cherished traditions of enmity towards France, that the Spanish Government, although anxious to satisfy a wish expressed by the French Ambassador, has found it impossible to abolish the celebration of the day when the great national uprising against the First NAPOLEON was begun, and the very railway which the KING opened on his way from Madrid to Paris is taken in the most inconvenient direction possible, in order that it may be of no use to the French when they next invade Spain. There might, therefore, easily be a little more amity between the two nations without a new European policy having been contrived by the EMPEROR. And as Spain gets more civilized, and better off, these rude expressions of an honest barbarian independence are sure to die away. Every day sees some introduction of foreign capital into Spain, and, until lately, the greater portion of this capital was French. Lately, English capital has begun to flow towards the most promising of all fields for investment left unexplored in Europe; and when an arrangement is made for the settlement of the foreign debt, it is safe to predict that Spain will be at least the momentary favourite of the speculative Englishman. Hitherto, a deep-rooted popular misconception—extending, it is said, as high as the QUEEN herself—has prevented the settlement of the debt, the belief being entertained that the claims of the bondholders were unjust. Either in ignorance or from a wish to deceive, this belief was instilled so successfully that the notion of Spain having really committed an injustice is new to the great majority of Spaniards. It is better that a nation should have been under a delusion than that it should have wilfully committed a fraud; and if Spain now shows that it has wakened from its delusion, it will find the reward of honesty more certainly and quickly than it often falls to the lot of mankind to find it. As Spain grows rich by the help of France and England, it will inevitably fall into the general current of modern ideas. It will reform its tariff, it will let railways go where commerce leads them, it will protect the religion of foreigners, it will lose something of its fierce and untutored bigotry. There is but one groove in which nations run which once come within the influence of the leading ideas of Western Europe, and the only way to avoid change is to do as is done at Rome, and obstinately decline any concession whatever to the opinions and habits of the modern world. It is quite wise and consistent in the ecclesiastical authorities of Rome to steal a little Jew every now and then, in order that they may assure themselves that they are not falling below the proper standard, and verging on the precipice of religious toleration. But, as Spain has begun to change, she will go on changing, and she cannot help getting more like France. It is not Spain that will affect France, but France that will affect Spain; and if the visit of the King of SPAIN symbolizes anything—which is exceedingly improbable—it may as well be held to symbolize the desire of the Spaniards to make some little advance in those directions in which France is still very far ahead of them.

At any rate, for the present, the Conservative and Catholic influences of this imaginary Spanish alliance do not appear to be telling on the policy of the EMPEROR in Italy. He is doing much less to satisfy the Italians than they think he ought; but still he is doing something. He has, it is rumoured, at last made up his mind that the King of NAPLES shall leave Rome. For three years the Papal territory has been made the asylum of the brigandage which clustered around the name and cause of the Younger BOMBA, and now the great scandal is to be removed. It was a great source of anxiety and expense and discouragement to the Italian Government that this fountain of robbery and murder should be kept continually open in a territory under French protection, and it was a standing humiliation and affront that the EMPEROR should choose to expose his allies to such a very unnecessary evil. If the King of NAPLES is to go, it may be expected that the brigandage devised to benefit him will be stopped by the French, as the army of occupation has it completely in its power to

put the brigands down, and it is no more courtesy to the POPE to reduce his robbers to submission than to force his guests to go away. Nor does the EMPEROR seem to like having to bear his share in other scandals which are connected with the maintenance of the temporal power. This last robbery of a Jew boy has shocked some of the more sensitive minds of France. It is obvious that the spiritual power could not kidnap little boys unless it possessed the temporal power too, and that the Sovereign who maintains the temporal power maintains thereby the power of kidnapping little Jews. This seems to have struck the EMPEROR, and his representative at Rome has been ordered to make the most strenuous protests against the act. But it is hard to say why the POPE or his advisers should attend to the EMPEROR's protests; for the POPE can always say that, if his subordinates are to be stopped from kidnapping little Jews, he cannot stay at Rome, but must leave, and then the EMPEROR will be in the awkward position of having to maintain the temporal power, of which he theoretically disapproves, on behalf of a POPE who has practically abandoned it. It suits him to stay at Rome, and the temporal power furnishes him with a pretext which he would be very sorry to lose. But still it is something gained that he should so far have listened to the just claims of the Italians as to have ended the stay of the King of NAPLES at Rome. This makes the political position of Italy easier, and it dampens the hopes of the enemies of Italy. They have had their chance. They persisted in saying that the King of NAPLES lost his Crown by an accident, and not through the wish of his subjects; and that if he could but have an asylum near his old home, and send out as emissaries of a counter-revolution bands of his friends, who might indeed be professional cut-throats, but otherwise were very good Christians in their way, and would deserve and receive a special blessing from the POPE, Europe would soon see how much the Neapolitan longed for the return of the son of their old favourite BOMBA, and how desperately they would fight for him if they had but a little encouragement of this sort to start them. The experiment has been made and has failed, and now the EMPEROR has decided that it shall not be tried any longer. The Italians may be comforted with the reflection that, if the King of NAPLES had been sent away as long ago as he ought to have been, it would never have been demonstrated that the plan of sending brigands as the apostles of political and religious truth would not succeed with the Neapolitan.

IRELAND.

THE Belfast riots seem to be over for the present, but there is no security against the recurrence of disorder. In some respects, social or civil feuds are less alarming than seditious resistance to constituted authorities. The ship-carpenters and the dock-labourers are not likely to combine in rebellion, but the Government is discredited by its inability to prevent open disturbance in the streets of a populous town. In France or Prussia, the riots would have been summarily suppressed by military force, and the offenders would have incurred the punishment which in many cases they deserved. The United States and the English colonies are perhaps the only civilized countries, except Ireland, in which similar contests could have taken place. England and Scotland are too peaceable to indulge in street-fighting, and their population, except for the admixture of Irish immigrants, is comparatively homogeneous. If half a dozen Parisian sections had, seventy years ago, consisted of Vendees, antipathies as genuine as the mutual hatred of Irish Orangemen and Catholics would probably have produced corresponding results. The only remedy for the evil is resolute executive action, directed impartially against all disturbers of the peace. With the feeling of sectarian animosity it is almost impossible to deal, but there is a certain truth in the homeopathic doctrine that the repression of morbid symptoms tends to remove the latent disease. The hostile factions would, perhaps, by degrees learn to hate each other less if they were not allowed periodically to break one another's heads and chapel-windows. It might have been thought that the occasional demand for the exercise of dictatorial power furnished the best excuse for the maintenance of a separate Government in Ireland. The English Secretary of State is not accustomed to a smouldering civil war, and all the forms of the Home Office are adapted to the government of an orderly community. A Lord-Lieutenant who was worth his salt would have concentrated his whole attention on the Belfast tumults, or, in his unavoidable absence, the Irish Secretary would at once have hastened to the spot. Both Protestants and Catholics might, perhaps,

have believed in the equitable indifference of a high functionary from Dublin. Every rioter knows that every magistrate in Belfast, although he may wish to do his duty, really inclines more or less to one of the contending parties. The local constabulary scarcely affect an unpopular impartiality, and the regular police can only act under superior orders. The Government, as it is disliked by the Orangemen because it is supposed to favour the Catholics, and by the disaffected Catholics on the ground of its Saxon origin, would perhaps be credited by both parties with a genuine wish for the restoration of peace. If Whitechapel were suddenly to march on Finsbury, the Mansion House and Scotland Yard might be excused if they were taken by surprise; but in Ireland, and especially in Belfast, the elements of disturbance are so familiar that the means of repression ought to be available at the shortest notice.

Although the subject is disagreeable, the study of the causes of Irish disorder is not uninteresting to political inquirers. The Continental and American conclusion that English tyranny accounts for all the misfortunes of Ireland scarcely satisfies the conditions of the problem. Belfast has neither been persecuted nor checked in the commercial prosperity which is at present at its height. The discontent of the inhabitants is altogether internal, and it is directed against each other. A Russian Government might perhaps send one-half the minority into the army, and the remainder to Siberia; but the resources of Western administrative vigour are unequal to the occasion. The democratic faith in the infallibility of the popular will and judgment fails to solve the difficulty. "The great popular 'heart,'" "the honest and upright masses," "the hard-handed 'sons of labour,'" may perhaps be entitled to implicit deference, and to the enjoyment of universal supremacy; but at Belfast there are two popular hearts, and two colliding masses, and the navvies and ship-carpenters are almost equally hard-handed. Both factions, as their own apologists and admirers would admit, are untainted by aristocratic influences, and the one deep popular heart sincerely and genuinely detests the other great popular heart. It may be well for complacent theorists to learn that human passions have not altogether disappeared from the world. Forty years ago, the educated classes had satisfied themselves that Popery and No-Popery were equally contemptible and unreal remnants of obsolete prejudice. The experience of a generation and a half has tended to a perhaps exaggerated estimate of the importance of religious differences. It is found that English politics may be subordinated to the temporal interests of the Holy See; and the chronic feuds of Northern Ireland prove that Protestants also are capable of earnest and angry feeling. In Canada, where the Orange organization is even stronger than in Ireland, the standing and almost involuntary conspiracy of a sect against the community has, from the same causes as in the old country, produced a violent reaction. The temporary agitation of the "Know-nothing" party in the United States a few years ago, was an equally unimpeachable testimony to the irritating tendencies of Irish Catholicism.

The Protestants of Ulster have never been conspicuous for servile or excessive loyalty to the Imperial Government, since, in the last century, they extorted temporary legislative independence from the fears and necessities of England. They have, however, long become aware that the English connexion is indispensable to their security, and, if they were not placed in local juxtaposition with their adversaries, they would probably be conspicuous for orderly conduct, as well as for energy and industry. From the time of Catholic Emancipation, the Orangemen have been embittered by the license which has not unwisely been conceded to the followers of O'CONNELL and of SMITH O'BRIEN. As the law against processions and party emblems has frequently been enforced in the North, the seditious demonstrations of Roman Catholic agitators have caused the deepest resentment. A Belfast ship-carper is unable to understand the cosmopolitan toleration which regards the apotheosis of O'CONNELL with patience and almost with approval. It was in an unbelieving age that the Roman Pantheon was opened to the barbarous gods of the East, and to the dog-headed ANUBIS. The intolerant Orangemen of the North still regard the mendacious agitator with the same feelings which alienated half England from the Whigs after the Lichfield-House compact of 1834. The impudent display of sectarian and disloyal symbols at the late celebration in Dublin was regarded as a proof that the Irish Government was unwilling to use its legal powers for the repression of any but Protestant irregularities; and the boys and idlers who amused and revenged themselves by a mock funeral at Belfast represented the more serious feeling of the class to which they belonged. If the Roman Catholic

rabble had been prudent enough to decline the offered challenge, all actual outrage would have been avoided. Under the circumstances, both the contending factions have a certain excuse for their violence. The Roman Catholics were the aggressors in the actual conflict, but the first insult was offered by the Orangemen, on a provocation which originated in Dublin. There is, as at all times, abundant reason for maintaining the peace, and for inflicting a due amount of punishment on its disturbers; but there is no extraordinary demand for moral indignation. It is natural that Orangemen should dislike Roman Catholics, and that the feeling should be cordially returned. The lion and the lamb, or, rather, the dog and the cat, have not reached the golden age in which they might be prepared to lie down together.

It is not impossible that the Belfast disturbances may in some degree affect Imperial party politics. If Mr. DISRAELI is capable of extending his view beyond the walls of the House of Commons, he can scarcely fail to perceive the growing difficulty of allying Protestant Conservatism with the discontent of the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood. The Orangemen distrust the Liberal party on the ground of its former support of Catholic Emancipation, and of the comparative good faith with which it has striven to promote religious equality; but it will be difficult to enlist their sympathies in the cause of a persecuted Pope. Unprejudiced political tacticians are embarrassed by popular passion and conviction, just as vital forces baffle the mechanician and the chemist. As Mr. DISRAELI has failed, through want of sympathy, to understand English impulses, he is not likely to manage successfully the more impracticable emotions of Ireland. It is possible, on the other hand, that Ulster may resent at the next election the weakness of the Government and its imputed complicity with the agitators of Dublin. Whatever may be the immediate bearing of the riots on party politics, both Protestants and Roman Catholics ought to find in the disturbances a proof of the advantage which Ireland derives from its incorporation in the British Empire. It is a subject for regret that a dozen lives have been lost, and that ten times as many patients have been provided for the hospitals of Belfast; but, except for the control of the Imperial Government, the squabble of the streets would expand into a civil war. Before the Isle of Saints can reconstitute itself according to its ideal standard of orthodoxy and nationality, it must rid itself of an obstinate and pugnacious body of Saints of an entirely different order. Repeal and separation would be instantly followed by a Northern secession, and it is not impossible that the penal laws might be once more enacted in Ulster. Toleration is a wholly exotic plant in Ireland, and it is only kept alive in either section of the country by an artificial temperature derived from England. The upper classes have, to a certain extent, adopted English habits of thought, but the yeomanry and the artisans of the North are still ready to fight for the defence—and, if the opportunity occurred, for the propagation—of their faith. Like the Arctic plants and animals which have survived in the mountain chains of the temperate zones from the glacial epoch, Irish Orangemen serve to illustrate the meaning of that Protestant supremacy which is now happily extinct.

TURKEY.

THE Turks every now and then contribute an incident to European politics which it is worth while to notice when not much requires notice elsewhere. For the Eastern question is like the interest of the National Debt, and keeps going on while people are not thinking of it. Every day the position of Turkey alters a little. The last incident has been the quarrel between the Turkish Government and the missionaries. Those excellent people, in their zeal for a good cause, claim the right of openly insulting MAHOMET in the streets of large Turkish towns, and they are, of course, properly protected by the English Ambassador. It is true that they would be instantly mobbed, or put down by the police, if they took any parallel step in most Christian towns. If a fanatic, a very misguided fanatic, were to view with aversion and reprobation the career of JOHN KNOX, and were to explain his views in the High Street of Edinburgh, the air would be darkened with the dead Scotch cats that would be thrown at him. At Paris he would not reach even the dead-cat stage of celebrity, for the list of possible religions is closed in France, and no one is permitted to start a new one, or to worry the police by attacks on any religion that exists. But we have saved Turkey, more or less, and the least a grateful Mahomedan country can do for its saviours is

to let them speak against the religion of those they have benefited. Besides, this is a great Protestant opening, and there are so few Protestant openings in Europe. Lord SHAFTESBURY has often declared that the SULTAN is more of a man after his heart than most Christian sovereigns. The fact was that, so long as the Turks thought the English were pleased, and the missionaries did no harm, they were quite content that Bibles and tracts should be sold or given away. But lately things have become more serious. The danger of street rows was enough to alarm them, and then, it must be remembered, a movement is going on in the bosom of Mahomedanism itself which impels the Turkish Government to take more notice of these Christian missionaries than they otherwise might do. Those Turks whom commerce or politics bring into contact with Christians, who calculate how Turkey can best hold her own in Europe, and are daily influenced by European ideas, are obliged to depart in many points from the old orthodox rigidity of the Mussulman, his belief that all Giaours are dogs and the sons of dogs, and his conviction that the whole duty of the faithful lies in observing the law of the Koran. This divergence from the extreme of orthodoxy has inflamed the ardour of those whom circumstances have not forced into fellowship with European traders and politicians. They are louder and fiercer in their fanaticism because they see others gentler and tamer. This high orthodox party has, not unnaturally, taken advantage of the bold proceedings of the missionaries to stir up the spirits of good Turks, and appeal to them to see what concessions to the infidel lead to. In their own defence, therefore, the Turks interfered and put a stop to the efforts of some of the agents of the missionaries. Some of these men were themselves Turks, and the Government urged that it was doing them a great kindness to prevent their being torn to pieces as renegades. They were, it was said, much safer in prison than out of it; and as they were very well treated when there, and are being quietly let out as the excitement subsides, they have not suffered much damage. The interference of the English Embassy has procured the permission once more to open the missionary depôts, but the missionaries have had a lesson, and will probably be more careful for the future. The Turkish Government has given us no cause for complaint, and the difficulties in which its own fanatical subjects involve it deserve more consideration from politicians than they will receive from those who think missionaries are always justified by the goodness of the cause they are upholding.

The Turks may view with some satisfaction what is going on in Greece. If it is true that the greatest danger that could menace Turkey would be the existence of a free, flourishing, well-governed Greece, showing by an indisputable proof what the Christian provinces of Turkey might be if relieved from the pressure of Ottoman barbarism, and serving as a nucleus around which the hopes and forces of the disaffected subjects of Turkey might gather, this greatest of dangers seems some way off. The poor boy who had the misfortune to be made KING, out of compliment to the Princess of WALES, does not, it appears, take very heartily to Greek politics. How should he? They are the most dreary petty politics imaginable, and he cannot have even the poor satisfaction of believing that, if he gave himself all the trouble in the world, he would do any good. The Greeks have accepted, as part of the constitutional theory they have borrowed from England, the doctrine that the KING is not to govern, but only to reign. King GEORGE takes them at their word. He is not there to do anything but to exist as a monarch. So he amuses himself, it is said, as most lads of his age would amuse themselves, rides about as hard as his horse will go, and reads French novels. But the Greeks do not like this. They want their KING to do nothing, but they wish him to do it in a stupid and solemn way. Count SPONNECK gives still greater dissatisfaction. He, of course, experiences the jealousy which in every country awaits the foreign Minister of a foreign Sovereign. But he is not even a successful foreigner. He shows himself helpless in the face of the miserable intriguers who make up what in Greece are called the Ministry and the Opposition. There is only one idea which he has hit on as a means of courting popularity. He holds himself out as a violent enemy of England. He resents the wrongs of the Ionians more deeply than the Ionians themselves. Perhaps, as a Dane, he may be glad of a safe opportunity of displaying the indignation with which Danes think of the country that has, as they consider, betrayed them. Perhaps he may regard it as prudent to place himself and his young master, at the outset, above the suspicion of being under the dictation of the Power that put them where they are. But, at any rate, the

only thing that can be said decisively either for or against Count SPONNECK is that he is violently anti-English. If it is any advantage to him to be so, he may be sure that no one in England will grudge him whatever he may gain by it. We here are perfectly indifferent whether BULGARIS is in or KANARIS is out, and whether the War Minister is or is not a creature of Count SPONNECK. But it would be a matter of considerable importance if Greece were really showing signs of making a new start. There are no signs, however, of anything of the sort. It is the old story. If the Government is to do any good, it must exercise some little authority; and if it tries to exercise authority, it is decried as centralizing, absolute, unconstitutional. If the Greeks were wise, they would hold their tongues and make roads. Not being wise, they would, if they were fortunate, find some one to make them hold their tongues and make them make roads. But, not being either wise or fortunate, they have got King GEORGE and Count SPONNECK, and the perpetual contests of the great BULGARIS and the great KANARIS. If this is what Greece is to be and to continue, the Turks may hear with perfect equanimity that an agitation has lately been set on foot for the peaceable annexation of Epirus and Thessaly.

The Turks are also said to have had some sort of triumph in the Danubian Principalities. At least Sir HENRY BULWER declares himself very much pleased with the arrangement that has been made with Prince COUZA, and Sir HENRY BULWER is too devoted a friend of the Turks to be pleased with anything connected with them that was not likely to do them good. The success of the negotiations by which the position of Prince COUZA was determined appeared to be thought very highly of here too, and was even considered worthy of a place in the QUEEN's Speech at the end of the Session. It is true that there was not much in the foreign policy of the Government that could be mentioned as successful, and therefore, if there was a success even in Moldavo-Wallachia, it might deserve notice. But we should very much like to know in what this success consisted. We should regret that, now Parliament is up, we have not got Mr. DARBY GRIFFITH to ask the question, only that we are perfectly sure that, if he did ask it, Mr. LAYARD would not answer it. It has become a fixed tradition with the Foreign Office never to give any information about Turkey, and never to account or apologize for anything that is done there, whether right or wrong. So far as has transpired, the success does not appear to have been very brilliant. Prince COUZA has owned in the frankest manner that the SULTAN is his Suzerain, or, more correctly, that he is the Suzerain of the SULTAN. But then Prince COUZA never denied this, unless a denial was implied in his change of name. Perhaps the success consists in having induced him to go on calling himself Prince COUZA, and give up all aspirations of being ALEXANDER JOHN. But his *coup d'état* remains in full effect. His old enemies in the Constitutional Chamber are as utterly annihilated as they were before he went to Constantinople. He is to be allowed to have a Chamber modelled on the pattern of that which adorns Imperial France, and the only alteration forced on him by the diplomatists is, so far as is known, that he has been ordered to keep a Senate too, which also is to be appointed and managed after the French pattern. He may reasonably complain of the unnecessary expense, but he will have every opportunity of ensuring that his Senate is as accommodating and pleasant as the Senate of his great example. Austria and Russia have been conciliated by his promising to expel from his territories the unfortunate Poles who have fled there for refuge, or have sought to find there a base of operations. As the Polish insurrection is now suppressed, it can do Poland no very great good that Moldavo-Wallachia should be a Polish asylum, for it is useless for the Poles there to make any new efforts for their country, and, as a place of residence, they must be very unhappy if they cannot be as happy somewhere else as in the Principalities. For the moment, therefore, every one is pleased. The big neighbours of the Prince are pleased because his doors are closed to their refugees; England is pleased because Prince COUZA is to refrain from calling himself ALEXANDER JOHN; the Turks are pleased because Sir HENRY BULWER is pleased; and the Prince himself and his French friend may be supposed to be pleased because, substantially, they have got what they wanted, and the Principalities are now completely in the grasp of a ready and unquestioning instrument of French policy.

VACATION SPEECHES.

THE members of Parliament who have lately addressed public meetings have been driven by a common necessity into speculations which might seem rather adapted to the

busy idleness of a Social Science association. When there is nothing special to discuss, generalization is naturally substituted for the preferable alternative of silence. The Danish question never formed an attractive subject, and it has now happily disappeared from the list of popular topics. About America also there is little to say, except that, whatever may be the result of the struggle, it is satisfactory to have succeeded in maintaining perfect neutrality. A speaker who can vary commonplace by the introduction of paradoxical opinions possesses an obvious advantage; and Mr. ROEBUCK amused or excited his constituents at Sheffield by proposing hypothetically to recognise the Confederacy, or to have recognised it, if he had been Prime Minister at the beginning of the war. Statesmen who actually hold office generally take, under the pressure of responsibility, a safer view of doubtful questions. If the conduct of the Government had required justification, Mr. ROEBUCK himself furnished a sufficient apology for a neutral course when he admitted that the country was almost unanimously opposed to interference; and if the decision had practically rested with Mr. ROEBUCK himself, he would probably have arrived at the same conclusion. There is much convenience in profiting by the prudence of others, and enjoying at the same time the conscious originality of an unpopular creed. Mr. ROEBUCK would have engaged in another war in defence of Denmark, but here also he allowed that Parliament has recorded the deliberate determination of the country. When the greatest possible amount of rhetorical nutriment had been extracted from the dry bones of America and Denmark, it only remained to look at home for a text, and if possible for a discourse. Parliamentary Reform will always, until it is conceded, be available to orators who may be at a loss for matter. Mr. ROEBUCK has at different times been a zealous Reformer, and he still uses the familiar phrases which once represented active convictions. If, however, the guests of the Master Cutler at Sheffield really wish for an alteration of the franchise, their hopes will derive but faint encouragement from Mr. ROEBUCK's statements and arguments. He assured his audience that he was thoroughly acquainted with the House of Commons, and that it had not the smallest intention of abdicating its functions in favour of a differently constituted assembly. It may be surmised that Mr. ROEBUCK himself is by no means exempt from sympathy with the indifference of his colleagues to Reform. He is deeply impressed with the freedom and prosperity of England, and he is not certain that any change might not be for the worse. He denied that the present Parliament could be justly accused of doing nothing, because, as he ingeniously suggested, abstinence from action is itself a kind of active measure. Determining not to go to war is, in this sense, as positive a proceeding as determining to go to war; and the rejection of all projects of Reform is the result of a vigorous decision. Logical puzzles of this kind serve the purposes of after-dinner oratory, but they would not be exorcised or accepted if there were any real occasion for political controversy.

Lord STANLEY probably interested an agricultural meeting when, as the heir of a great landed estate, he pledged himself to the justice and expediency of granting leases. Where tenants possess capital, they ought to have legal security for the steadiness of tenure which at present depends on honourable feeling. Small landowners in backward districts know to their cost that leases are too often one-sided contracts. The tenant violates his engagements with perfect impunity, because he knows that it is not the interest of the landlord to hold a semi-solvent bungler to his bargain. It is impossible to propound any rule which would be universally applicable; but Lord STANLEY speaks with authority on the circumstances and wants of Lancashire. A more important subject of speculative discussion was suggested by Mr. BRIGHT's attacks on the existing laws of property. There is no doubt that much social disadvantage arises from the accumulation of vast estates in the hands of a limited number of proprietors. Lord STANLEY deprecates the envy and dislike which might attach to the monopolists of land, by stating his belief that purchasers are, for the most part, capitalists who have made their money in towns. As long as land is the most unprofitable of investments, it is impossible to interrupt the gradual extinction of small freeholds. A poor man cannot afford to receive three per cent. for his capital, when he might make five times the income by employing the price of his property in business. All English habits of thought must be changed, and the whole existing system of agriculture abolished, before the country can be subdivided into petty freeholds. Large farms owned by the occupiers would be broken up by the French law of compulsory subdivision, and, under

present circumstances, they have a constant tendency to pass into the hands of richer owners. If speeches must be made, it is perhaps better to treat of problems in political economy than to weary the minds of hearers with essays on Denmark, America, and Reform.

SIR JOHN TRELAWNY made a laudable attempt at Tavistock to repeat the established or obsolete head-roll of political opinions. His labours resulted in a striking illustration of the impossibility of reviving forgotten disputes. In default of matter, he was obliged to recur to Lord PALMERSTON'S Bradford commonplaces for the purpose of adding a more commonplace commentary. If Bradford deserved the compliments which the PRIME MINISTER would certainly have paid to the least meritorious of manufacturing towns, Sir JOHN TRELAWNY could not understand why all the inhabitants should not enjoy votes for the borough. The prosperity of the town is caused by the successful manufacture of worsted and shoddy, but the connexion between the art of weaving and the art of governing is not altogether obvious. Another hackneyed argument for Parliamentary Reform is contributed by the system of universal suffrage which prevails, with questionable results, in several of the colonies. Sir JOHN TRELAWNY observes that New Zealand employs its franchise in making unjust wars on the natives, and that the English Income-tax may perhaps be consequently increased. The alleged misuse of a popular suffrage at the other end of the world seems not to supply a cogent argument for an extension of the franchise at home. The possible increase of the Income-tax exclusively affects, as far as its direct operation is concerned, the present constituency; for the ill-treated multitudes who, according to reforming orators, stand outside the Constitution, are exempt from the Income-tax, and from all direct imposts. On the whole, however, Sir JOHN TRELAWNY would have done well to confine himself to topics which are simply stale and uninteresting. His zeal for the abolition of Church-rates induced him to quote, with ill-placed approval, the LORD CHANCELLOR'S attack on the Bishops for their proceedings in Convocation. No recent speech has been more unanimously condemned by all competent judges, and, for the time, general attention was diverted from the irregularities of Convocation by the indecorous violence of the LORD CHANCELLOR'S language. Sir JOHN TRELAWNY is probably aware that, although his constituents may applaud anything which is disagreeable to the Bishops, every ten-pound householder in Tavistock would summarily suppress any deviation from his own standard of theological orthodoxy. The constituencies are still more intolerant than the movers in Convocation, and they are considerably more ignorant. It was scarcely worth while to recommend that the penalties which the Bishops might incur under a *præmunire* should be applied to the extinction of Church-rates; but, as professional philanthropy is found to be inconsistent with kindly feeling or neighbourly justice, a too exclusive devotion to religious freedom often tends to the extreme of persecution. Having, with exemplary fidelity, dilated on Poland, on Denmark, on New Zealand, and on the Ashantee war, Sir JOHN TRELAWNY concluded with a disquisition on the Ballot, from which it may be inferred that he supports the measure without believing in its efficacy. He has, however, a right, as a consistent advocate of the Ballot, to comment on the singular conversion of Mr. COLERIDGE, and of other defeated candidates. If the contrivance is wrong in principle, it certainly is not to be defended on the mere assumption that it might have altered the result of a single election. It may be hoped that members in general will not follow Sir JOHN TRELAWNY's example. The barbarous phrase of "extra-Parliamentary utterances" has fortunately dropped out of the headings of newspapers, and the practice itself may be advantageously discontinued until some political controversy arises.

SAHIB SENT BACK TO SCHOOL.

WE are often told by moralists that duties will always present themselves to those who are willing to look for them. "Nowhere is this admirable maxim more strikingly applicable than in the case of our principal public offices. A Minister who desires to create a new place for an old friend has many difficulties to encounter. He may find it hard to induce his colleagues to invest their political credit in the transaction, and it may be a still more arduous task to extract the necessary funds out of the House of Commons. But, if he can obtain the requisite consents and the requisite money, he need never be at a loss for duties for his new nominee. A new office will create business for itself

as surely as a new railway will create traffic. In this best of all possible worlds, there are always evils which an acute official can find out, and which he may make-believe to remedy; and if actual evils fail him, a lively imagination, stimulated by the struggle for official existence, will generally discover a sufficient number of possible ones. This power of secreting business, conferred by beneficent nature as a protection upon useless officials, has just been strikingly illustrated by that distinguished specimen of the class, the Civil Service Commission. The discovery of the necessity of subjecting a number of the old and tried Civil Servants of India to an examination in Greek, Latin, Mathematics, and History, is one of the most remarkable instances of the creative activity we have described that have been contributed to the history of official ingenuity for some time past. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that the experiment should be one tending to imperil the good government of India at a critical moment. But the Commissioners were necessarily restricted in their efforts at expansion by the characters of the various official chiefs with whom they had to deal; and there is only one Sir CHARLES WOOD in the Ministry.

The Civil Service Commission originally grew out of an undoubted public need. The pressure of the Crimean war brought to light a good deal of incompetence on the part of certain superior permanent officers in the service—especially in the Commissariat and Transport departments. The public indignation was thoroughly roused, and it was resolved to have a sweeping reform. A great cry was consequently raised for appointment by competitive examination. It was found, however, that no public business could be transacted at all if the superior officers were to be appointed by a blind system of examination. As a compromise, therefore, it was agreed that the severe examination which was to reform everything should be confined to the junior clerks, whose conduct during the Crimean war had been, so far as there was any evidence to show, immaculate. The scheme, however, was not a new one. It had been propounded two years before by Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN and Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE, under the inspiration of Professor JOWETT; and it was well described by Dr. JEUNE, another of its supporters, as a project for converting the Civil Service into an "Imperial University." Its object was not so much to procure good civil servants for the State as to stimulate the education of the upper and middle classes, by treating the appointments in the Civil Service as so many "Exhibitions" to be given to the readiest schoolboys. Of course, from the schoolmaster's point of view, nothing could be more admirable than such a project. The Civil Service Commission which was appointed in 1855 set to work in the spirit of glorified schoolmasters, and girded itself up to examine everybody in everything. No kind of civil servant, however humble his position, or however much his efficiency might depend on physical qualities, was spared the encyclopedic ordeal. The Irish constabulary were required to describe the geography and political position of Mexico and Nankin, and to write essays on the microscope and JULIUS CESAR, before they were allowed to undertake the duty of hunting for whisky-stills on the hill-sides of Galway. Efficient letter-carriers were excluded for literary shortcomings, and others were appointed in their stead who got plenty of marks at the examination, but could not walk with the bags. Porters in the Divorce Court were puzzled with the rule of three, and clerks in the office of Woods and Forests were required to give an account of the American War of Independence. But this amusement did not last very long. The chiefs of departments strenuously resisted a system which soon threatened to deprive them of every effective officer. A good deal of the madness of ten years ago remains still, and the wreck of Dr. JEUNE's "Imperial University" may still be traced; but, on the whole, the Commission has been reduced to reason, and, as far as England is concerned, is comparatively harmless.

But a department which draws 9,000*l.* a year of the public money must do something, or ill-natured economists might be apt to object to it as an expensive luxury. India has always been its stronghold. There has not been a really strong Minister of India for many years past, with the exception of Lord STANLEY, and he is one of the apostles of the Chinese system. In India, accordingly, the Commission has carried out the idea of the Imperial University to its utmost point. It has turned Indian posts of great importance, involving duties of judicial or even administrative responsibility, into mere scholarships for English Universities and public schools. Men are selected from among all

competitors to take part in the government of India as Commissioners or Judges because they can make the best Greek iambics, or show the greatest familiarity with English poetry, or are skilled in the English of WICKLIFFE's Bible. Curious complaints have reached this country of the inefficiency of some of the candidates who have succeeded under such a system of choice. But there has always been a class of Civil Servants whose previous training has neutralized, to some extent, the evils of a Government by book-worms. It has been the practice to confide many important civil positions to officers in the Indian army, whose familiarity with the native language and mode of life has made their services valuable. For a long time the Commissioners have thirsted to examine these men, who dare to succeed without a certificate from them; and they have now actually persuaded Sir CHARLES WOOD to eject these officers, unless they are able and willing to go to school again. The order, it has been announced, has gone forth that unless they can prepare themselves within a period of six weeks to pass a stiff examination, they are to be sent back into the army. It is difficult to conceive a more absurd misapplication of a system which in itself is absurd enough. Examination is at best a sorry test for discovering the qualifications that are fittest to govern men. The class of mind that possesses book-learning, and that which possesses knowledge of men, are usually divided from each other by a very sharp line; and the mind which possesses in a high degree both kinds of knowledge is a rare phenomenon. The talents, the tempers, the tastes, the habits of life required for the acquisition of each kind are diametrically opposite. But it is the knowledge of men which the art of Government requires, while it is only the knowledge of books that examination can ascertain. The only possible excuse for using a literary examination as a guide in such a selection is the difficulty of obtaining any other. Among a lot of untried lads it is not easy to choose the fit and reject the unfit, especially for statesmen of the intellectual fibre of those from whom our Indian administrators are usually taken. But in the case of the military officials to whom the rule has been suddenly extended, the difficulty does not exist. They are men whose capacity for their duties is attested by the fact that they have performed them for a considerable time with success. There is no need to prove their fitness for governing India by asking them to turn GOETHE's *Iphigenia* into Tragic Trimmers, or to give an account of the *Adone* of MARINO. Whatever the value of such a test may be, it is scarcely superior to that which is furnished by an actual experience of their merits. There is not the slightest necessity for ascertaining that which is already well known. On the other hand, this ridiculous freak of official pedantry will probably have the effect of driving some of the best of our administrators from the Indian service. Men of forty years of age have forgotten how to cram. Their knowledge of the subjects which are required now-a-days of aspirants for Indian office has probably grown faint and dim. They have given up the practice of composing in Greek and Latin verse. They have not kept up their acquaintance with the amatory poetry of Italy. They have left their copies of WICKLIFFE's Bible in England. And, therefore, if at their age their proficiency in these indispensable portions of a statesman's education is to be put to the test, they will most infallibly be "plucked." It is difficult to refrain from expressing a hope that a similar fate, in a less metaphorical sense, may await the geese who have devised this new folly. At all events, it is a satisfaction to think that, if India loses, England may probably gain by it. A stroke which must bring home so forcibly to the minds of men the absurdities of the examination theory is likely enough to contribute powerfully to bring the whole system to the ground.

ITALY AND THE MURAT ALLIANCE.

ALTHOUGH the influence of family connexion among reigning houses has perhaps become smaller in modern times, the marriage of the heir of the Italian Crown to a member of the Imperial family of France would not be without political importance. The genius and power of NAPOLEON I. raised him so far above conventional rules that his alliance with the proud and ancient House of HAPSBURG was scarcely regarded as a disparagement. If the present EMPEROR had a daughter, the splendour of the French throne would probably be thought sufficient to secure her admission into the privileged circle of Royalty. But the elevation of a descendant of MURAT to the rank of Crown Princess of Italy would be a more surprising tribute to the ascendancy of the BONAPARTE family in Europe. It is but courteous to assume that the lady possesses all

the qualities which may adorn her present or any future station, but it may be taken for granted that the rumoured marriage, if it ever takes place, will have been the result of laborious negotiation. Since the Duchess of ORLEANS boxed the ears of her son for consenting to marry the illegitimate daughter of LOUIS XIV., no prince of the highest rank has ever waived so completely the traditional scruples or prejudices of European Courts. In youthful eyes, passion would excuse the anomaly of an unequal alliance, yet it is only in mythical history that King COPHETUA wedded the beggar maid. In former times it was always understood that royal blood was the indispensable condition of a political marriage. The founder of the race of MURAT—who is said to have judiciously renounced the infamous name of MARAT—rose from the lowest station by his merits as a spirited cavalry officer; but, in default of commanding ability, he would scarcely have obtained a marshal's staff if he had not in early life made a fortunate marriage with the sister of the future EMPEROR. Through the favour of NAPOLEON, he became Grand Duke of BERG and titular King of NAPLES, and finally he expiated on the scaffold the fault of deserting his benefactor, and the error of supposing that he could maintain himself on an independent throne. Since the restoration of the French Empire, Prince LUCIEN MURAT, in his published letters to an anonymous Neapolitan Duke, has occasionally affected the airs of a pretender. Legitimacy is so dear to the son of the upstart JOACHIM II. that he has repeatedly denounced the usurpation of VICTOR EMMANUEL in Southern Italy; and the marriage of his daughter to the son of his contemptuous rival might be thought in some degree to countenance his preposterous claims. One of the most ancient sovereigns in Europe must have overcome many personal objections before he can consent to receive into his family the grand-daughter of NAPOLEON's deputy at Naples. The King of ITALY has already given his daughter to Prince JEROME NAPOLEON, in part payment of the assistance which was afterwards rendered to the national cause against Austria. His subjects understood and approved the sacrifice of domestic feeling to patriotic ambition, and they would certainly not be contented if the humble bride of their CROWN PRINCE came to Turin empty-handed.

Politicians in all parts of Europe will feel legitimate curiosity as to the terms of any nuptial bargain which may have been entered into. It was supposed that the Empress of the FRENCH was anxious to introduce Princess ANNA MURAT into the Royal family of Spain, and that the visit of the titular King to Paris was intended to facilitate the arrangement. The Spanish nation, however, has not forgotten that MURAT was a principal instrument of the crime of 1808; and Queen ISABELLA, notwithstanding her liberality in more private relations, cherishes the old BOURBON exclusiveness as to formal and regular connexions. As Portugal is scarcely within reach, France has no compensation to offer for the compromise of the Royal dignity. The overtures proved to be barren of results, and it was to no purpose that the son-in-law and the Ministers of VICTOR EMMANUEL had been compelled to absent themselves from Paris. The Court of Spain has not yet acknowledged the Kingdom of Italy, although the monarchy surpasses its own in population and power. A satisfaction not unmingled with annoyance would be felt at Madrid if it were found that VICTOR EMMANUEL had accepted the princess who was thought unworthy of the Spanish alliance. His condescension could certainly not be explained by his retrospective gratitude. All the conditions of the compact of Plombières have been rigorously exacted by France, and Savoy and Nice, with the marriage of the Princess CLOTHILDE, form an ample equivalent for the dangers and losses of Magenta and Solferino. The advantage of a Royal Alliance to an old dynasty is by no means inconsiderable. The BONAPARTES can scarcely subside into the rank of subjects when their blood flows in the veins of legitimate kings. Whatever may be the secret agreement with France, all Italy will at once believe that Venetia is, sooner or later, to form the dowry of the new CROWN PRINCESS. It is possible that the renewed intimacy of the three Northern Courts may have its influence on the King of ITALY. The Prime Minister of Prussia is supposed to favour the project of guaranteeing the foreign possessions of Austria, in spite of the reluctance of the KING; and Russia, which had hitherto countenanced the Italian monarchy, is supposed to have entered into new engagements with Austria for the repression of the Poles. A conspicuous proof of Italian devotion to France might perhaps serve to remind the coalesced sovereigns that Austria is vulnerable, and that the projects of 1859 are not finally abandoned. With an army of 300,000 men and a

respectable navy, Italy is not to be despised either as an enemy or as an ally.

Englishmen would perhaps be better satisfied if regenerated Italy were less visibly dependent on France, but the present relations of the two countries would be most effectually modified by the completion of the Italian monarchy. Dynastic connexions and political services will exercise a less irresistible influence when the united Italian race is strong enough to stand alone, and when it is at liberty to select its own alliances. There is no reason, except the Austrian tenure of Venetia, to prevent Italy and Germany from cultivating the most cordial friendship. It is only while a war for the acquisition of Venetia is always impending that the Government is compelled to rely on the contingent support of France. The peace which has lasted for five years is universally regarded as an armistice, and the Italian Ministers only differ from the followers of GARIBALDI in their wish to postpone the inevitable collision. A plausible excuse for an attack upon Austria may be found in the precedent of the recent war which has been waged on behalf of German nationality in Schleswig; and the expense of maintaining the army furnishes an additional motive for precipitating a quarrel. It would not be surprising if the marriage of Prince HUMBERT were followed by menacing demonstrations, if not by actual war. The Italians are convinced that, even if the Quadrilateral proved to be impregnable, their own territory is, with or without the aid of France, secure from reconquest; and they hope also that a powerful diversion would be effected by a Hungarian insurrection. Should it be found that the dynasty had misallied itself without a material equivalent, the Italians would be reasonably discontented.

It is only the peculiar position of the Emperor NAPOLEON and his family which renders their intermarriages with other reigning houses serious subjects of discussion. The Imperial house of Russia has, at different times, extended its authority or influence by alliances with the minor German Courts, but England and Austria have been content with more or less attractive princesses, without attaching any political importance to dynastic connexions. The Royal family of England was related in the same degree to both the principals in the dispute between Denmark and Prussia, yet it was never proposed that the policy of the Government should depend on personal considerations. The difficulty of dispensing with the genuine *virus* or *ichor* of Royalty has been remarkably illustrated by the doubtful rank of the BONAPARTE family after the lapse of sixty years since the coronation of the first NAPOLEON. The habit of thought which consecrated the Roman Emperors from the moment of their accession has ceased to exist, although Cæsarism has been unexpectedly revived in the modern world. The superstitious or conventional belief in the unapproachable superiority of legitimate kings has been kept alive by the convenience of a system which rendered usurpation difficult or impossible. Even where it is necessary to find a ruler for a newly-constituted State, or for a republic weary of elective anarchy, it is thought necessary to transplant to Greece or to Mexico a scion of some reigning house. Princes are not wiser or nobler than private men, but they possess a quality which cannot be counterfeited or disputed. The Emperor NAPOLEON III., though he is the most powerful sovereign on the Continent, thinks it prudent, in the absence of ancient descent, to profess that he reigns by the will of the people; yet he loses no opportunity of connecting his race with kings of unimpeachable pedigree, and he might not be unwilling to give substantial consideration for the King of ITALY's consent to place a dependent relative of the French EMPEROR on an hereditary throne. Austria would

oldenland regard the alliance with well-founded uneasiness.

WEIGHT FOR AGE.

THERE is something curiously apologetic in the tone adopted by Lord PALMERSTON in the defence of his Administration which he has addressed to the world through the medium of his Tiverton constituents. The rapture with which the majority of eighteen was welcomed might have seemed to imply that it was looked upon as a magnificent victory. But, since the first excitement of the unexpected success was over, the tone of the friends of the Administration has not been wholly consistent with the character of victors. So many explanations have followed each other in quick succession, that simple-minded people who were inclined to accept the decision of the House of Commons cannot avoid the suspicion that there must, after all, be something to explain. No doubt Lord PALMERSTON is right. There is matter in his

foreign policy, taken as a whole, that requires to be explained, though he may have averted condemnation upon any one particular point. He is somewhat in the position of General JOHNSTON when he found SHERMAN under the walls of Atlanta. Strong arguments can be advanced in favour of England's neutrality in each of the four contests that have marked the period of his Administration—the Italian, the American, the Polish, and the Danish; just as good reasons can be advanced on behalf of General JOHNSTON, upon every occasion on which he declined to accept battle. But General JOHNSTON's whole campaign looked very much like running away, and Lord PALMERSTON's administration of foreign affairs, as far as Europe is concerned, is sufficiently akin to the peace-at-any-price policy to provoke insinuations from his adversaries which he feels he must repel. He does not, however, succeed in laying down any principle which separates his policy from that of absolute non-intervention in Continental affairs. And he will not accept that principle, because he feels that a good deal must follow from it which it would be very difficult and painful for him to accept. Traditions must be given up which have hitherto, in profession, been maintained, and a good deal of the diplomatic organization which gives employment to so many friends and partisans must be shelved as useless lumber. If our present foreign policy is, as it appears to be, the deliberate choice of the nation, it is evident that we are rapidly acquiring a new set of principles in that respect. A new meaning and value is being attached to the words, "the dignity of England." It may be true, as Lord PALMERSTON says, that there is no peace-at-any-price party, and that the only difference among us is the amount of price we are willing to give. But it is clear that the quotation is a good deal higher than it used to be, and that a part of the price we are willing to pay is the abandonment of any control over the distribution of territory in Europe.

But Lord PALMERSTON has no inclination to lay down new principles at his time of life. Unless he is guilty of any very flagrant misconduct, his tenure of office does not depend upon the principles of policy he puts forward. He indicated the true secret of his strength when he told his constituents that the House of Commons was always willing to allow "weight for age." The advantages of old age have never been thoroughly tested before, and politicians are astonished at the abundance of unsuspected strength which it displays. In a condition of things where opinions are in a state of transition, and real convictions bear very little correspondence to assumed party names, the fact that the PRIME MINISTER is eighty years of age furnishes an admirable excuse to people who had rather not declare themselves. There are many controversies upon which men must declare themselves when Lord PALMERSTON is gone; but as long as they can keep him in office, such crucial questions may be allowed to sleep. No one, for instance, expects a man of eighty to introduce a democratic Reform Bill. He is already too old for revolutions. A certain conservatism is always graceful in the aged; and even if he were rampant for change, his strength might not last him to carry it through. But when he is gone, many of those who sit behind him will have to make a painful choice between their interests and their inclination. A large number must become much more thoroughly democratic. They have probably no taste for increasing the number of electors to whom they will have to appeal, and they do not quite like some of the controversies touching the rights of property which are beginning to show beneath the seemingly placid surface of the political lake. But when Mr. GLADSTONE is Liberal leader, they will have no choice but to accept whatever watchword he pleases to put into their mouths or lose their seats. There is another section of Lord PALMERSTON's supporters, probably the most enthusiastic of all, who cling to his tenure of office as the sole link which binds them to their old political connexions. They adore everything that calls itself by the name of Whig. They delight in Whig traditions, Whig clubs, Whig society; and to tear them from the Whig connexion would be as painful as the process of tearing a limpet from the rock. But the inevitable tide of opinion will flow. The question of democratic Reform will arise; and their stake in the country is too large to suffer them to look with equanimity upon projects that will make the vast Trades' Unions organization a real political power. They cannot still the foreboding that, in whatever company and under whatever guides, they will have to vote with the politicians who oppose organic change, or else to make a sacrifice of conviction from which they shrink. To such men this enduring interregnum, this lingering transition, is as a respite from political death. It is a matter of small account to them that Lord PALMERSTON

may mismanage this or that diplomatic complication, or may be even drifting into a new system of foreign policy.

But there is a good deal more than mere calculation of interest by which the House of Commons is guided in giving "weight for age." There is a strong admixture of sentiment, always powerful in the exciting moment of a critical party struggle. Soft-hearted people do not like "disturbing the 'old fellow.'" It is like evicting a worn-out old servant, or selling an old horse. The sentiment of gratitude for past services, and of generous consideration for present infirmities, is reinforced by the reflection that such an effort of exalted feeling will not be required very long. There is no purer gratification to the man of refined emotions than the consciousness of displaying generous sentiments to another, combined with the complacent belief that it will be in no way inconvenient to himself. Those who are inaccessible to these softer feelings have a weakness for an octogenarian Premier as an anthropological curiosity. They give "weight for age" in a scientific point of view. As they see him manfully struggling to seem to do his work, and repelling even the suspicion of desiring that ease to which the aged have a right by common consent, they feel that they are looking upon an unexampled physiological phenomenon. If he were to decline at all in his activity, their interest would possibly abate. He seems to feel this himself, and every year he takes pains to multiply the displays of undiminished energy. From Fishmongers' Hall to Towcester, from Towcester to Bradford, from Bradford to Tiverton, all in the course of a single month, gives a painful idea of the intensity of the pace which he feels it necessary to keep up in order to assure his backers that he is not tired; and as the lapse of time increases the tendency to suspicion upon this point, the re-assuring exhibitions of vigour must be redoubled. How long this curious process of adding "pace for age" can be kept up is a very nice question, and the progress of it adds much to the interest of the display to the scientific student. Lord PALMERSTON himself appears to be of opinion that he has found a solution of the difficulty by treating jokes as evidence of vitality. In proportion as years increase, the jokes increase at the same time. He never was habitually a dignified speaker. His dignity is always put on with an effort, and always has a tendency to the melodramatic. But his jokes have always come from the abundance of his heart, and now they flow without restraint. The style of his speeches at Tiverton and Towcester indicate a deliberate effort to be exceptionally flippant. His theory appears to be that a man cannot be looked upon as old so long as he retains the capacity for chaff. FALSTAFF, on a memorable occasion, was of the same opinion. Unhappily, the jokes themselves are apt to show signs of "weight for age," and are fitted to recall to the mind, even of the most devoted admirer, the comments of HENRY the FIFTH upon such language from such lips.

AMERICA.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S successful attack on the outer defences of Mobile came opportunely to revive the hopes of the war party in the North. The enterprise was probably undertaken for the purpose of effecting a diversion in favour of SHERMAN, who is still attempting to invest Atlanta. As it is not stated that the Federal fleet was accompanied by transports, Admiral FARRAGUT can scarcely expect to take a town which is said to be strongly fortified; but an important object would be obtained if the garrison were prevented from reinforcing Hood's army, or if it were necessary to send reinforcements to Mobile. The losses of the Confederate squadron in the attack on the outer forts—one of which is said to have been surrendered by treachery—seem to have been very serious; and it is even stated, in the latest accounts, that the whole fleet, except one vessel, was sunk, beached, or captured. The whole course of the war has shown the ineffectiveness of a naval force against a superior enemy. The Confederate flotillas have never been able to take the sea, and when they have been engaged in harbours or on the great rivers, they have been uniformly overpowered. As long as the struggle continues, the inequality of the belligerents on the water is not likely to be redressed. On the entire length of the Mississippi there is not a single Confederate gunboat, nor will it be possible to begin the construction of a fleet except in the few rivers and landlocked ports which are still beyond the reach of the Northern invader. The example of Charleston renders it probable that Mobile will be safe from capture, but that the Federal squadron will not be dislodged from its aggressive position. A naval siege appears, however, to produce little result beyond local inconvenience. The fate of the war will be decided

wherever the main armies confront one another, whether it be in Virginia or Georgia. The only danger which the South has seriously to fear is the exhaustion of its recruiting capacity. SHERMAN's progress shows that the reported numbers of the Confederate army were prudently exaggerated at the beginning of the campaign, and Hood has incurred considerable losses in the battles around Atlanta. General STONEMAN was defeated by local levies and militia, as the Georgians are not disposed to emulate the apathy of Pennsylvania. General Hood has not been able to prevent the enemy from extending his lines round the greater part of the circuit of the town. If Atlanta had been sufficiently fortified and provisioned, there would have been a great advantage in continuing the retreat of the main army, yet it is possible that the determination to make a stand at that place may be rewarded with a more decisive victory.

General GRANT's admirers continue, in defiance of probability, to announce that the capture of Richmond is certain. It would be unsafe to assume that the abortive assault on Petersburg has virtually terminated the campaign, but it is difficult to understand how any further movement can afford a reasonable chance of success. On his arrival at City Point, General GRANT hoped to starve LEE into the necessity of abandoning Richmond, by cutting his railway communications with the west and the south. After HUNTER had been forced to abandon his advance on Lynchburg, and when WILSON's column had been almost destroyed in its retreat from the Danville railway, the Commander-in-Chief showed, by his new project of mining the defences of Petersburg, that his plan of investment had failed. He can scarcely hope again to deceive General LEE by a feint on the north bank of the river, nor will it be easy to induce his negro troops to attempt a second assault. The Federal army probably remains in its position, because its withdrawal would leave General LEE at liberty either to cross the Potomac in force or to send the greater part of his forces to the aid of Hood. No new plan of invasion can be devised at this time of year, nor are the services of the army of the Potomac urgently required in any other quarter. If reinforcements for SHERMAN's army are wanted, bodies of troops can be quietly withdrawn from the James River, and transferred, by way of Washington, to the seat of war in the West. There are also political reasons for the ostensible prosecution of the attack on Petersburg or Richmond. It would be highly inconvenient to acknowledge the failure of the campaign before the Presidential election in November. Even the capture of Atlanta would provide but inadequate compensation for the disappointment of hopes which the friends of the Administration have sedulously encouraged. Richmond has, from the beginning of the war, been considered the most important object of attack, although the destruction of Charleston would have more fully gratified the popular desire of vengeance. As long as GRANT remains within twenty miles of the Confederate capital, willing readers may be persuaded that all his previous defeats were merely interruptions of his progress. While M'CLELLAN, in 1862, remained in a somewhat similar position, Northern journalists repeated their daily assurances that his previous flight had been only a felicitous strategic movement to a preferable base of operations.

Of the rumoured prospects of peace it is impossible to speak with confidence. There is reason to believe that a large part of the population is tired of the war, but until public feeling has embodied itself in a definite course of political action, it is difficult to distinguish the true current from casual ebbs and eddies. It seems that some of the Democratic leaders intend to propose, in the Convention at Chicago, the project of a Convention of North and South for the settlement of existing differences. They also threaten to take issue with the Republicans on the admission of Mr. LINCOLN's sham States to a share in the election. As every State, according to the Constitution, votes as a whole, using any elective machinery which it may prefer, it is absurd that the military Governments which command the outskirts of Louisiana and Florida should nominate the quota of Presidential electors which was formerly assigned to the entire State. The civil authorities, which affect to represent popular sovereignty in the conquered districts, are entirely dependent on the generals who protect them; and they have themselves been, without exception, illegally elected, for the Constitution neither imposes nor allows the arbitrary tests which have been uniformly enforced at the polling-booths. It is impossible for any party to comply literally with the provisions of the Constitution, because seven or eight seceding States must necessarily be excluded from a share in the

election. The fictitious organization of States in the condition of Louisiana is a gratuitous usurpation; nor is it to be supposed that the minority will recognise the competency of Western Virginia, although Congress thought fit, in manifest excess of its powers, to create a new member of the Union. The Democrats, if they fail to elect a nominee of their own, will have abundant theoretical excuse for refusing obedience to a Republican President whose appointment will be unavoidably tainted with illegality. Their bolder leaders threaten to take advantage of the opportunity, but it is improbable that the defeated party will venture on open resistance to the only executive authority which can even purport to represent the Federation. In any case, Mr. LINCOLN will have the army and administration in his hands during the four months which intervene between the appointment of Presidential electors and the accession of the incoming President. American politicians are too timid, and perhaps too patriotic, to venture upon a resistance which would almost be equivalent to a second civil war.

The success of a Democratic candidate, while it would imply a foregone conclusion in favour of peace, would also facilitate the necessary negotiations. The defeat of Mr. LINCOLN is by no means impossible, especially as the fate of both the principal campaigns will be decided before the election in November. It is possible that many of the extreme politicians of FREMONT's party may give their votes to the Democrats, rather than to the actual President. Two Senators of extreme radical opinions have lately published a denunciation of Mr. LINCOLN's illegal proceedings, and their sudden jealousy of usurpation perhaps indicates a suspicion that the conquest of the South is proved to be impossible. Violent partisans, when they find it necessary to change their political course, always prefer some collateral excuse for inconsistency to direct professions of repentance. The Democrats will show a want of skill if they fail to enlist on their side all the different sections of malcontents. It is impossible to estimate their proper strength, or their prospect of reinforcement from other quarters; but it is obvious that their cause has become less hopeless since they have become the avowed advocates of peace. The plan of a Convention, in which the South would be invited to take a part, is plausible and ingenious. As soon as the negotiation for a meeting commenced, the war would be practically at an end, and there would be little chance of a second rupture. The Confederate leaders have probably no intention of re-entering the Union, even on the most advantageous terms; but they would not be rash enough to refuse a discussion of the project, especially as they would profit by a breathing time during the accompanying armistice. It would be prudent to consult the feelings of the North by affecting, in the first instance, to admit the possibility of reunion. As the very commencement of the Conferences would imply the abandonment of the pretension to abolish slavery by force, many Republicans might perhaps hold that it was better to separate for the present than to bind together two communities with incompatible institutions. The restoration of the Union, even if it were feasible, would leave all the former causes of quarrel untouched, and differences which have actually ended in a great war can no longer be overlooked or forgotten. The ensuing election will possess an importance which has never before attached to the choice of an American President.

STEALING AND STEALING.

S. G. O. has addressed a letter to the *Times*, in which he comments on the different kinds of stealing, as he terms them—that is, the stealing for which the poor man is punished, and the stealing for which the rich man is not punished; and the moral seems to be that the poor man can scarcely be expected not to steal when he sees stealing going on with impunity. The law-makers have, we are told, such very peculiar ideas as to what is stealing. War is made against the man with the jemmy, the crape, the list-shoe, and the lucifers, while very great indulgence is shown to the very large class of stealers to whom a policeman touches his hat when accosting them. Instances of these high-class stealers are then given. There are persons, we are told, who sit in offices, quietly and comfortably concocting false balance-sheets and false prospectuses, conspiring to abstract the money of thousands—after a sort, as clearly stealing it as if they robbed tills, picked pockets, or broke into houses. Then, again, there are the patrons of the Turf, noblemen some of them, of whom it might be said that they are the biggest thieves in the whole paddock. So common are the thievings committed on the Turf, that for every separate dodge to obtain winnings dishonestly there is an appropriate slang term. "I agree with Sykes," says S. G. O., "we hunt down the offensive, vulgar, violent stealer, but all the time a very great proportion of what we call commercial enterprise and noble sport is stealing, and nothing else." If these

were merely remarks in a sentimental novel, they might be suffered to pass without notice. It is, perhaps, not undesirable that there should be writers who use the machinery of fiction to put prominently forward the obvious thoughts of good kind people, and to remind us of certain general truths which may seem rudimentary and inapplicable to persons versed in the serious business of life. It may do most readers good to be told that they are no better than their poorer neighbours, and to see reflected in the shape of an erring hero their own faults and imperfections. But a letter from S. G. O. aspires to a much higher level. It offers itself as a useful guide to the public, and suggests what the writer thinks a truth desirable to be dwelt on by high and low. It is not a matter absolutely unimportant whether a letter courting and securing thus much of publicity should naturally lead to a bad or a good conclusion. Is the conclusion to which these remarks on Stealing and Stealing tend a good or a bad one? We venture to think it is a bad one. It is not a hardship on thieves whom the law punishes that there are other thieves whom the law does not punish, provided that the principle of legislation on which the distinction is drawn is a right one. A little reflection would have taught S. G. O. that what he considers a hardship on professional thieves is a necessary result of the relation of law to human action. He and Sykes may think that the law ought to reach every case of dishonesty. But no legislator, not even the Puritans of North America, has ever tried to carry law so far as this. Life would be intolerable if the State assumed the grinding, searching power that would be necessary if every slightest shade of moral delinquency were to be punished criminally.

The law draws a line somewhere, because, unless it did so, justice could not be administered. Every one who has studied the subject of fraud knows that it is most difficult to say where the line ought to be drawn, and what kinds of dishonesty ought to be punished. The law of England has undergone repeated alterations in this century in all that regards fraud, and it has been found possible to make many new modes of dishonesty criminal, and to draw distinctions between the degrees of culpability attaching to them. There are thousands of acts which are now punishable under the head of obtaining money or goods by false pretences, which in old times were unpunished. It is open, therefore, to any one to say that the line is not drawn at the right place. S. G. O. and Sykes might have beneficially applied their acute and practised intellects to discovering whether some kinds of dishonesty remain without the cognizance of the criminal law which might properly be included within it. But, whatever their conclusion might have been, they would always have left some dishonesty not punished by that law. If they had taken the two subjects of commercial enterprise and the Turf, they would have quickly come upon a nest of legislative difficulties. In some cases, it would be found impossible to distinguish the act supposed to be criminal from an act allowed to be innocent. In other cases, the act supposed to be criminal would be found to come within the terms of the existing law, and the reason why it goes unpunished is that no legal evidence of the wrongful act can be procured. It is said, for example, that directors concoct false balance-sheets and prospectuses, and thus steal the money of other people. Unless an instance is given in detail, it is impossible to say whether the act could possibly be included in any wise criminal legislation. The directors may be honestly saying what they think to be true, or they may be praising their goods with that shade of dishonesty which is common to most vendors. It is dishonest in a milliner who thinks a bonnet pretty, but only pretty, to call it "lovely." It is dishonest in the sweet creatures who try on shawls in shops to assure a puffy little customer that the shawl looks on her as it looks on the elegant back of the show-woman herself. It is dishonest in Messrs. Moses's poet to describe all nature and all London as absorbed in contemplating the Youths' Fashionable Vests which those artists turn out in such profusion, and at so modest a figure. It is dishonest in an hotel keeper to call gooseberry wine champagne. But all these forms of dishonesty are beyond the reach of the law, and even S. G. O. and Sykes would probably agree that they ought to remain so. They would be able to see that the police arrangements have yet to be devised which can make language correspond exactly with thought. In the same way, the prospectuses may be dishonest in the sense that they exaggerate the merits of a thing, and yet they may be legally permissible. If they were clear frauds—if, for example, they invited shareholders to work a property that did not exist, and which the framers of the prospectus knew not to exist—then the law as it stands would punish the offence criminally if it could be proved.

There are, again, cases where the legislator has to ponder very carefully, not only the degree of guilt and the possibility of proving the offence, but also the consequences of straining the criminal law so as to frighten innocent and honourable men from running risks where their services are really valuable to society at large. Unless a very clear act of fraud must be proved in order to make a director criminally liable, no one would be a director. A director, for example, agrees, in defiance of an Act of Parliament, to declare a dividend, not out of profits, but out of capital, and he agrees to represent the accounts so that this dividend shall seem to inexperienced people to be out of profits. Clearly he would be civilly liable, but ought he to be also criminally liable? Let us, for argument's sake, suppose that this is a very difficult question. Let it be granted that there is much to be said on both sides; and even S. G. O. and his friend would confess that there is something to be said against putting a director in a convict

dress, and cutting his hair, and setting him to pick oakum, because he paid a dividend out of capital. We, on the other hand, will agree that a man who consciously cooks accounts does a dangerous and disgraceful thing. The legislator ponders over the case and does his best to judge it rightly. At last, we will suppose, after full consideration and with every wish to put down fraud, he is awed by the remembrance how very easily honest men get puzzled with complicated accounts, how incompetent many respectable people are to distinguish between profit and capital, and how very difficult it would be to decide in any case how far a man framing or sanctioning cooked accounts meant to defraud. Anxious, too, to avoid deterring proper persons from becoming directors, he ends by deciding that a director paying a dividend out of capital shall not be punished criminally.

But here S. G. O. and Sykes come in with their theory. They say to the legislator, "You have decided one way, but we are of a contrary opinion. In our view, the payment of dividends out of capital ought to be made a criminal offence. You have chosen not to make it one. Your laws are, therefore, all wrong, and we claim full liberty of action uncontrolled by them. We shall get our jemmies and our list-shoes, and go about committing burglaries." No one can say that this is a theory which does not merit criticism. If S. G. O. means to adopt this theory, he is advocating a mode of regarding law which is in every way dangerous. If he does not mean to adopt it, he ought not to write without considering what he does mean. It is very much to be regretted that slashing philanthropists should do anything to augment the sense of injustice which is produced in the breasts of the unreflecting poor by their ignorance of the principles of civil government. A person with the education and training of Sykes might naturally say, "I hear tales of directors humbugging shareholders, and I do not see that I am worse. If they are not sent to gaol, it must be right for me to take my jemmy, and go after a plate-basket." A person of S. G. O.'s education and training ought to set the wretched man right, and to explain to him that the law cannot possibly punish every form of dishonesty, and ought not to try to do so, but that it can and will punish gross acts of fraud and violence. Surely Sykes is not to be always encouraged in confounding the province of criminal law with that of the highest morality. If he ever went to church, he might hear that he who hates his brother is a murderer. It would be too bad if he reflected that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli are not hung for their amiable feelings to each other, and so held himself justified in shooting S. G. O.

There is a sort of truth in what S. G. O. says, but it is not a truth that it is of much use to dwell on. There is something hard and apparently unjust in the whole arrangement of things into which professional thieves are born. It is hard on them that they should be born among scenes of misery and degradation, that their parents should have no notion of parental duty, that they should find themselves, from their earliest years, waging an endless war against the police. It may be hard that others should be much better off, and have good homes and good examples, and plenty to eat, and the privilege in infancy of walking with papas to whom the police touch their hats. It is hard that society should not be perfect, and that man should be born with a mixed nature of good and bad into a world as mixed as himself. Sometimes it is very useful to dwell on hardships like these. If we were inclined to set ourselves up and to express our thanks that we were not like the publicans, a moralist might very properly take us down by showing how great our advantages are as compared with those of the professional thief. Or, if there were any plan suggested for giving the professional thief a better chance, it would be wise to call to memory how very bad a chance he has now. But society has long ago found itself obliged to settle the question whether burglary and stealing are to be allowed to flourish because the burglars and thieves have had a bad training. We punish such acts because the interests of society require that they should be punished, and it would be no kindness in slashing philanthropists to assure the offenders that it was very hard that they should be punished when they had had such disadvantages of education and training. In the same way, it may seem arbitrary and hard and unjust that the law should draw a line in dealing with dishonesty, and say that there are certain forms of dishonesty which it can and will punish effectively, and that there are others which it cannot punish and therefore will not try to punish. But, if law is to exist at all, it must necessarily draw lines of this kind, and leave something out which unreflecting persons would like to see included. In spite of the hardship of punishing persons badly educated, and in spite of the difficulty of deciding where the province of commercial law ends, criminal law must exist, and be put in force, if society is to go on. Let us hope that S. G. O. will some day reveal this great truth to Sykes, and so mitigate the bad influences which Sykes may receive from reading his friend's letter. S. G. O. can easily explain that he is a slashing sort of writer, and a jocose philanthropist, and that what he says ought in fairness to be often accepted in its Pickwickian sense.

PRAISE.

MENDELSSOHN, somewhere in his Letters, speaking of certain over-ambitious musicians whose pangs amused and grieved him, says with comical simplicity of them—"They even aspire to genuine outpourings of the heart." This is a saying that

reaches beyond musical matters; it touches upon almost every relation in life, and, if we may use the expression, it was "waiting to be said." Music, it may indeed be urged, lives upon praise. Except within the mystic and enchanted ground of praise, music withers and dies, for it knows no argument, and addresses itself primarily to the feelings. If the feelings rebel, the spell is at an end—there is no further appeal; but if the feelings give way, music is omnipotent. And there is no doubt a sense in which not music only, but all the arts, live, move, and have their being in praise. It is their life. Art lives in enthusiasm, as science lives in proof. And, if we wished to be fanciful, we might play upon the old definition of man as an imitative animal, and say that art, which is the true expression of the imitative side of man's nature, is therefore that which lives on praise, because a creature that takes the pains to imitate naturally looks round to see if it has succeeded, and the applause obtained is the measure of the success achieved. To be what we are is to be independent of praise, often to incur blame, for the sake of being what we like; but to seem what we are not, if not prompted by some sinister design, can only be attempted for the sake of some ulterior pleasure, and that is the pleasure of praise. And hence, though incidentally, would appear to follow another division—namely, of that realism which, for the sake of attaining to the essence of art, despises opinion, and that idealism which, having no foundation in any demonstrable state of things, is all the more dependent on the praise or enthusiasm of a sect.

There is, however, an aspect in which susceptibility to praise affects, not the arts merely, but the whole fabric of society. In this view, characters might almost be classified according to the degrees in which they are affected by different kinds of praise and blame. If it be true that characters are as unlike as the tiger and the elephant, it is equally true that the degrees in which men are susceptible to praise, and the views they take of it, are as various as the outward appearance of the animal creation. Praise and blame leaven all civilized life. The delicacy of the sensitiveness to praise is perhaps, in one sense, an exact measure of the delicacy of the civilization, and stands to the blunt, narrow, embryonic sense of the savage in the same relation as the skin of the racehorse to the hide of the rhinoceros. Perhaps there may be some spot where the rhinoceros is capable of being tickled. So there may be spots in the brutal savage nature which are just capable, if one knew them, of being tickled by praise. But the civilized nature has become sensitive, so to speak, all over. The whole surface and epidermis, every little hair, is electrified by the mere presence in the air of praise or blame. There are, of course, relative degrees of sensibility; but, as compared with the savage, it may be said that the civilized man lives in a hidden electric atmosphere, of which approbation is the positive, disapprobation the negative, pole. He sleeps sweetly, or tosses in his bed, according to the state of this atmosphere about him. He rises cheerful, or under a nameless spell of anxiety, according to the state of that invisible medium in which actual reproofs are as the casual storms that make themselves heard and felt, while actual expressed compliments and praise may be compared with the sheet lightning in the summer skies. These are comparatively rare occurrences, more so in Northern climes, but the latent effect of the atmospheric electricity is universal and abiding. It may be felt more by one and less by another temperament, but its influence is so pervading that no civilized being can wholly abstract himself from it. In one sense he cannot escape it at all. For if he harden himself against it, the forms which that hardness will take are dependent upon the very thing he would evade. Again, there are characters very noble, very beautiful, very lovable in themselves, born as sensitive to praise and blame as the mimosa plant to the slightest external touch. And it is possible to imagine circumstances in which such characters will grow in everything which men are agreed to call virtuous, lovely, noble, and heroic. But the very sensitiveness of their nature may, if not balanced by a fine intellect and a masculine grasp of the rival principles at work in society, lead either to ultimate bitterness and soursness, or to the blind adoption of an unworthy and second-rate idol or crotchet. And few things are more melancholy than to see first-rate love and devotion spent on wretched and pitiable objects or ends. So also what was once loving and gentle, delicate and devoted, may be changed by the very delicacy of its own nature, and hardened into fierce scorn and contempt, worldliness and scheming, and a hatred and suspicion of all the gentler features of human life. This is an extreme which less sensitive minds are often spared. To be born a race-horse is a pleasant thing if you are sure you can keep on the downs, and not slide down into the cab-horse or omnibus jade. For the ordinary purposes of life, however, it is better to have a skin somewhat tougher, and more jog-trot points. An honest, well-to-do cob, not over sensitive to whip or spur, who seems in a cheerful, easy way to discuss good-humouredly in its own mind how much each prick and blow is exactly worth on its own merits, is a more useful member of equine society than the broken-down and vicious thoroughbred, whose evil looks and infernal disposition are as a daily protest against the wretchedness of his downward lot.

Again, as silkworms are wrapped up in their own silk, all "interests," no less than individuals, are surrounded by their own special and particular atmosphere and halo of praise. The despotic interest and the democratic interest, the aristocracies of birth and of wealth and of talent, all the professions, and all the pursuits, have their own peculiar heavens of praise. A man belonging to any one of them

lives, unconsciously to himself, in that particular heaven. If from larger experience he can appreciate the delights of other heavens of praise than his own, he is like the traveller who has learnt to know and appreciate other climes. But as great travellers are few in comparison with the general population, so the intellects which are disengaged from the thralldom of sectional interests are necessarily in a very small minority. No doubt civilization and intercourse have a tendency to increase the number. By degrees the squire learns to look with more respect on the merchant, and the merchant with less contempt on the squire. By degrees wealth begins to understand the market value of talent, and talent to recognise the civilizing virtues of wealth. But as these counter processes of gradual fusion proceed, so do the infinite aspects under which the sensitiveness to praise and blame presents itself, multiply and increase, producing every variety of moral temperament and every shade of intellectual character. So, too, hand in hand with the levelling process due to the gradual fusion between different interests and systems of thought and feeling, there is a relative growth of eccentricities. For, if we try to define eccentricity in its broadest aspect, it will always, we think, be found to consist in the contrast between two sets of habits or two systems of thought, standing in salient antithesis to one another. It is nothing eccentric in a Chinese to dress in the Chinese costume, but if an English gentleman living in English society chose to appear as a Chinaman, that which in him would constitute the eccentricity would be the sharp contrast between his habits as an Englishman and that particular train of ideas which induced him, though an Englishman, to adopt the conspicuous dress of another country. This is only a very broad and superficial example of eccentricity. But even here we can detect the hidden element of conduct due to praise and blame. For if such and such a costume is adopted out of the beaten track, either it is done (consciously or unconsciously) with some view to praise, or, on the other hand, the sensitiveness to blame is not strong enough to act as a deterrent. We do not for a moment pretend that many other motives may not produce eccentricity besides praise and blame. Blame and praise are sometimes little more than comfortable landmarks within which people pursue just what they like, free from external interference. But in one way or another, directly or indirectly, positively or negatively, praise and blame leaven the whole crop of eccentricities, no less than they regulate the gradual fusion of rival interests and rival systems of thought and feeling.

If from class "interests" we return to individuals, it is not a little curious and affecting to realize for a moment how totally unlike are the internal and external aspects of that personality which each person in himself naturally assumes to be one and the same. Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So, walking in the street, has a given idea of himself or herself, and has built up in his or her imagination the external aspect in which their persons and their lives appear to the external world. But that external aspect which they picture to themselves is almost certainly and inevitably wrong, except in some generalities which would apply equally to many thousand other persons, such as being light or dark, tall or short, fat or thin. It is wrong, because it is inevitably based upon two sets of suppositions, neither of which is ever true. One is, that the outer world knows of us what we fancy it must know. The other is, that it does not know what we imagine it cannot know. Now both of these positions are in general equally false. It is incredible how little society knows of that which intimately concerns any member of it—that is to say, of his real character, and of those ordinary and daily interests which he thinks everybody must know because he takes no trouble to hide them. It is equally incredible how many people, though absolute strangers to a given man, know private and intimate details concerning him which he fancies can only be known to himself and a very limited circle of persons. Thus the character attributed to us for good or evil is invariably different from that which we ourselves calculate upon. We look out from the windows of a house and see one thing; those who look at the house from outside see another. In this case we have only to walk out and to look at the house ourselves to see the same thing. But who can walk out of himself, and look at himself from a distance with the mixed indifference and curiosity of the external observer? Who can compound his idea of himself as it really is compounded, of stories true, but only partially true, embellished or spoilt according to the knowledge or imagination of the narrator—of stories false, complimentary or uncomplimentary, arising out of the carelessness or hostility of different persons, which, even when complimentary, have no real affinity with his true character, and which prepare those who accept them to imagine all kinds of corollaries which twist it further and further from the reality—and, finally, of all the different legendary versions of the very same attribute, true or false, which arise out of the different tempers and circumstances of the different minds which imagine those versions? It only needs the barest enumeration to show how utterly impossible it is for any one to realize himself to himself in any way as he appears to other men. It is, indeed, well that the force of habit prevents us from realizing the discrepancy habitually, for nothing could well create a greater sense of individual solitude. In one respect, however, when realized, the discovery is a useful anodyne which, if it lowers the value of praise, greatly lessens the pangs of blame.

An approach to some such sense is perhaps the true cause of the sober sadness and the more tranquil aims of matured life.

It argues little experience when people are very exquisitely alive either to praise or blame, beyond the point where these directly affect their honour or their material condition. And even when approbation and disapprobation produce direct and tangible consequences, persons with much experience are apt to look with cold distrust upon the one, and with that cooler, more impersonal, concern upon the other with which men view the effects of a natural and physical calamity. There is, indeed, in some coarse natures, a greedy, gluttonous appetite for praise, which no experience, no time, will overcome. Comfort, self-respect, honour, truth, conviction, are as nothing in their eyes, compared with praise, however false. They will commit their present, and pawn their future, sacrifice their friends, pander to their enemies, and sell their consciences, to earn the veriest bauble of commendation. It is a very high state of attainment—perhaps one of the highest and costliest fruits of large experience and large culture—when friendship is prized above praise, when praise and blame are looked upon simply as regulators and instruments to be used deliberately with an eye to self-improvement and as means wherewith to enlarge and deepen the foundations of solid and permanent regard, when criticism ceases to be viewed with alarm and hatred on the one hand or with awe and veneration on the other, and the critic is quietly accepted as a fellow-workman in a common cause. To the few who have reached this condition, excessive and flashy encomiums are as nauseous as pomatum to the palate. What they prize above all things is the hidden regard, the quiet warmth and cordiality of sincere affection, which overlooks mere qualities and loves the person. They know they are not perfect, and they resent the insult to their understandings implied in the supposition that they possibly think they are. To be valued for this quality, or that faculty, or that accomplishment, is to them only less degrading than to be judged by the shape of their nose or the colour of their hair.

MEDITATIONS FOR THE RAIL.

AS everybody is, or is supposed to be, just now a railway traveller, and as the never-failing topic of light interesting railway talk—the one safe subject and common ground for strangers to make conversation about—is the rail itself, with its wonders, its dangers, its comforts and discomforts, we are not sorry to have the means of furnishing talkers with some solid railway facts to talk about. We may as well explain at the outset that we have got all our information where it is no joke to delve for it—namely, first, from a Parliamentary paper, a return to an order of the House of Lords asking every conceivable, not to say impudent, question of the Railway Companies about their traffic, expenses, capital, profits, and things in general; and, secondly, from the report of an instructive but very tedious debate on Railway Accidents, held two years ago—though the report itself is only just published—by the Institution of Civil Engineers.

In these publications we find the stupendous balance-sheet of the extant British railway system. People guess and gabble about it, and wonder what it has all cost, where the money has come from, and where it has gone. We have all heard something of contractors' fortunes, and engineers' fortunes, and Railway Kings, and counsel's fees; and those who are old enough can go back, some with a sigh and some with a smile, to the good old days when it was necessary to buy off the local opposition of landowners to undertakings which have doubled the value of their property. And it is strange to hear in these times—when the local traffic between Sludgely and Blackthorpe, two important villages with a joint population of 500, is about to be developed by a branch line—of those legends, which happen to be quite true, of the dangers which beset Mr. George Stephenson's clerks when they plotted the Birmingham line furtively and by night. And then everybody says, The railways must have paid if they had not cost so plaguy dear. Well, what have they cost? The authorized capital of all the railways in England, Scotland, and Ireland, up to December 31 last, amounts to the trifling sum of 474,999,545.; and of this little total as much as 404,215,802. has actually been paid up as capital, inclusive of debenture loans outstanding at that date. That is to say, in less than thirty years, a sum very nearly equal to one-half of the National Debt has been invested in earth-works, rails, rolling stock, and the other constituent elements of the vast aggregate known as railway property. From the investment in railways we now proceed to the profits of railways. What the interest of the National Debt is everybody knows; how does the iron king pay its creditors? What is the total amount of net profits available for distribution in the shape of interest on paid up capital—including ordinary stock or shares, with preference stock, loans, and debentures? After deducting the outlay on—1. Maintenance of way and works; 2. Locomotive power; 3. Repairs and renewals of carriages; 4. Traffic charges; 5. Rates and taxes; 6. Government duty; 7. Compensation for personal injuries; 8. Compensation for losses and damage of goods; 9. Legal expenses; 10. Miscellaneous—there remain of net profits on all the railways of Great Britain and Ireland, earned in the year 1863, 16,048,931. This, on an invested capital, as we have seen, of 404,215,802., is as nearly as possible 4 per cent. These profits are, of course, very unequally distributed. On one line, the West Cornwall, the dividend on the original capital is $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. On the High Peak line it only reaches 2s. 8d. per cent.; while the Whitehaven line

returns 133, and the *Aberdare* 10 per cent. on ordinary capital. The total annual receipts for 1863 on this capital of four hundred millions being thirty-one millions, and the net profits being sixteen millions, the total working expenditure is fifteen millions; or, in other words, the expenditure swallows up 48 per cent. of the total receipts of the railway business of the country.

It is useful to get the whole thing under this summary view, because it explains the general policy of railway management. Shareholders have but one cry:—"Diminish your working expenses, and our dividends will of course rise. We are the residuary legatees. On us rests the whole risk of the trade. Preference shares, loans, mortgages—all these things are a fixed quantity; our dividends rise or fall as the shop answers or not." The railway trade is like all other trades. It may be conducted on the bold principle of extended business, which means small profits on large returns; or it may be conducted safely and economically, on the principle of starving the plant and diminishing the working expenses. The former was the favourite policy in other days, the latter seems to be now in the ascendant; for whilst, as we have seen, the working expenses in the year 1863 were in the proportion of 48 per cent. on the gross receipts, in the year 1862 they were 49 per cent. Without a very minute investigation of the special heads of expenditure on which a saving has been effected, we can scarcely arrive at an answer to the question, which is of paramount importance to the public, whether economy in management can be extended with a due regard to safety in travelling. The figures before us, however, will help us to an approximate solution of this vital question. And first, it must be borne in mind that the total mileage of 1863 is more than the mileage of 1862. But, while the absolute outlay under all the heads of working expenses within the last twelvemonth has from this cause increased, there are many heads of working expenses which, when examined with reference to the proportion they bear to the whole expenditure, will be found to have been diminished. A considerable saving has been attained in legal, including Parliamentary, expenses. This, of course, arises from the comparative paucity of new lines and extensions. But, in other items also, the proportion of particular expenses to the whole working charges shows a diminution, or, in other words, points to parsimony in management. And what is significant is that the cost of compensation for personal injuries has risen from 158,169*l.* in 1862 to 179,565*l.* in 1863, while some important charges for working expenses have fallen. The proportion of the cost of locomotive power in 1862 to the whole working expenses was 27.79 per cent.; in 1863 it falls to 27.62. The proportion of miscellaneous expenses, including, we believe, servants, is for the two years 6.62 and 6.40. These figures, if they do not actually lead to the conclusion that economy in management has been purchased by increased danger to life and limb, seem to point to a suspicion that way. On a mileage increased 400 miles within the twelvemonth there has been a saving of 1 per cent. on working expenses, but this is purchased at the outlay of more than 21,000*l.* worth of life and limb. The necessity of retrenching working expenses is now a matter of pecuniary life or death to the holders of the original capital stock. On the other hand, the necessity of preventing the starvation of railways by paring down wages and the working staff is a matter of personal life or death to travellers. It is a question, in short, between dividends and the public safety.

We have seen that working expenses are decreasing. Are accidents increasing? This is one question; and it is a question which is not very easy to answer, as a single fatal smash on a large scale may exceptionally affect the annual rate of danger. And are railway accidents of the usual character to be attributed to economical, that is, parsimonious, working of the line? This is a question of special importance in the face of the fact of diminished working expenses. The Parliamentary return will help us towards answering it. In 1862, 216 persons were killed and 600 injured, of whom 26 were passengers killed, and 536 passengers injured, from causes beyond their own control; while in 1863 only 184 persons were killed and 470 injured, and of these 14 are returned as passengers killed, and 400 as passengers injured, from causes beyond their own control. This certainly shows a diminution in fatal accidents, and may therefore be taken as a set-off against the increased amount of compensation-money paid for injuries during the past year. For it must be remembered that many of the accidents and collisions which caused the injuries that were paid for in 1863 must have taken place in 1862. The comparison, however, does not amount to much. Meanwhile, it is a matter of some little curiosity to compare the relative safety of some of the leading lines within the same period. We shall only trouble ourselves with what the Companies return as casualties beyond the passengers' own control—which is the railway euphemism for injuries caused by railway management. The North-Western "system," with 1,174 miles of line, and 17 millions of miles traversed by 19 million passengers, injured 69 passengers. The Great Western, with 1,148 miles of line, and 12 millions of miles traversed by 17 millions of passengers, injured 37 passengers. On neither of these great lines was there last year a single fatal accident to a passenger. The Great Eastern killed 7; this was the Hunstanton, or great cow, accident. The Great Northern killed 1. The Brighton killed 3; this was the Streatham and Balham casualty. The South-Western killed 1; and 2 were killed on Scotch lines. There is another test of the relative security of the various great lines, which has its interest, though of course it requires checking

by the elements of length of line, miles travelled, and number of passengers; and, as it only applies to a single year, it would hardly justify any sweeping conclusion. The Great Eastern, with 695 miles open, paid 8,824*l.* for compensation for personal injuries in 1863; the Great Northern, with 433 miles, must have paid (but the returns are muddled) more than 20,000*l.*; the Great Western, with nearly 1,200 miles, paid only 2,176*l.*; the North-Western, with about the same mileage, paid 20,000*l.*; the South-Western, with 513 miles, paid less than 1,000*l.*; the Brighton, with 243 miles, paid 19,000*l.*; the South-Eastern, with 286 miles, paid 1,844*l.*; the Midland, with 658 miles, paid 17,794*l.* On an average of seven years, Captain Galton classes the chief railways as follows, as to the proportion of killed or injured to the number of passengers conveyed:

North-Western	.	.	1 in 212,000
Midland	.	.	1 in 257,000
Eastern Counties	.	.	1 in 285,000
South-Eastern	.	.	1 in 289,000
North-Eastern	.	.	1 in 350,000
South-Western	.	.	1 in 433,000
Brighton	.	.	1 in 535,000
Great Western	.	.	1 in 675,000
Bristol and Exeter	.	.	1 in 702,000

The general conclusion from these converging data seems to be in favour of the relative safety of the broad gauge.

On the whole, it can scarcely be concluded that railway accidents are diminishing in severity, whatever their number during a single year may happen to be, at least if we measure their severity by the amount of compensation awarded under Lord Campbell's Act. Captain Galton, two years ago, in a paper read before the Institute of Engineers, calculated that the Companies paid annually from 100,000*l.* to 120,000*l.* in compensation; whereas we have it now proved, from their own returns, that in 1862 they paid 158,000*l.* and last year as much as nearly 180,000*l.* Some of the more fatal collisions have been tremendously expensive to the Companies. For the Atherstone "accident," in 1860, the North-Western paid nearly 18,000*l.*; the King's Cross accident cost the Great Northern 10,000*l.*; while the Lewisham collision, in 1857, cost the South-Eastern 27,000*l.*, besides the injury to rolling-stock. The ugly conclusion at which Captain Galton, addressing the Civil Engineers, arrives, after an elaborate investigation of the accidents returned to the Board of Trade on an average of seven years, is, "that out of 319 collisions only 16 could be attributed to purely accidental causes; and of the 303 remaining only 183 were due to the negligence of inferior servants, while the remaining 120 were entirely attributable to the manner in which the traffic was conducted, and therefore ought not to have occurred." We are obliged to Mr. Brunlees, the engineer, who read a paper at the same meeting, for the information that, in the same seven years, 1,041 accidents of different kinds were due in various degrees to mismanagement on the part of the Companies. This mismanagement he classes under the several heads of Defective Permanent Way, Neglected Rolling Stock, and "Management," which accounts for 76 per cent. of the total number of accidents. And by "Management" he means all that belongs to traffic—namely, speed of trains; irregularity in starting and running them; an inefficient system of telegraph and other signals; absence of communication between guard and driver; deficient break power; and negligence of servants, owing to excessive work, insufficient pay, and inadequate numbers. There is nothing new in all this; it has been said over and over again. But it is something to get a conspectus of the whole case. It is something to argue it, not upon single casualties, but upon full returns spread over a series of years, and embracing the whole railway system of the United Kingdom. And it is something to have all these facts produced in an authoritative shape, and to have the usual arguments expressed, not in mere newspaper articles, but by Government inspectors and the great body of Civil Engineers. The conclusion of the whole matter is this, that the vast majority of railway accidents are preventable; and that they are not prevented is owing to mismanagement—that is, to parsimony, and to the starving system adopted by the Companies. Confront this fact with the other fact that the working expenses of railways have been diminished, are annually diminishing, and that it is the avowed policy of all directors to diminish them still more. And now, pondering over these two great facts, let us enjoy our railway trips this autumn with such appetite and confidence as we may.

DEPENDENCIES.

THE controversy as to the abolition of the Irish Viceroyalty suggests some curious questions. It is hard to fathom the depths of the Irish mind, but do those among the Irish who cry out for the retention of the Lord-Lieutenancy as essential to the dignity of Ireland really understand what the Lord-Lieutenancy implies? It implies, beyond all doubt, that Ireland is a dependent province; and yet it is equally beyond all doubt, that Ireland is not a dependent province. Up to 1782 Ireland was a dependent province of England. She was not an independent Kingdom, united only by a "personal union," as Scotland was from 1603 to 1707; nor was she an integral portion of the same Kingdom, as Scotland has been since 1707. The King of England was *ex officio* King of Ireland; Ireland was held to be bound by a settlement of the

Crown about which she was not consulted. When William and Mary were elected by the English Convention Parliament, it was held that the subordinate Crowns of *France* and *Ireland* followed as a matter of course, but no one thought of disposing of the Crown of Scotland except by the authority of the Scottish Estates. It was perhaps a rather sharp construction of the Treaty of *Troyes* which made France thus indissolubly follow England, but, as regarded Ireland, the case was plain enough. Ireland, to be sure, had a Parliament, but its authority was purely local, and even its local authority was very narrowly restricted. *Poyning's Law* deprived it of all real power, and made it quite dependent on the English Privy Council. The English Parliament, on the other hand, was not thus confined within local limits; it could, whenever it pleased, make laws for Ireland as well as for England. Ireland, then, was strictly a dependency of England, and, like other dependencies, it needed a Governor. This is one great distinction between a dependency and an integral portion of a state. Wherever a permanent Governor is needed, be he *Satrap*, *Proconsul*, *Pasha*, *Bailli*, *Viceroy*, or *Lord-Lieutenant*, the country which he is sent to govern is practically a dependency. We say practically, because it may be so practically without being so formally. The Netherlands, under Philip the Second, were practically a dependency of Spain. So were the Kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, the Duchy of Milan, and the other dominions of the King of Spain out of Spain. But none of them were in form Spanish dependencies. The King of Spain (or rather the King of Castile, Aragon, and half-a-dozen other Kingdoms) was also King of Naples, Duke of Milan, Count of Holland, and so forth; the common sovereign could not reside in all his States, so he resided in the greatest, and left the others to Governors. They were therefore practically dependencies; but there was nothing except practical incongruity to hinder the common sovereign of Spain and Sicily from keeping his Court at Palermo and sending a Viceroy to Madrid. In such a case, Spain would practically have become a dependency of Sicily. But if George the Second had kept his Court at Dublin, that would not have made England a dependency of Ireland or have made Ireland cease to be a dependency of England. For the English Parliament would still have retained its power of legislating for Ireland, which was the legal sign of Ireland's dependent condition. Of course both these suppositions were practically impossible, and they are only thrown out as legal possibilities illustrating our position. Practically, a sovereign will always inhabit his greatest kingdom, whether the lesser one be a dependency, as Ireland was, or an independent State, as Scotland was, and Norway is. The lesser kingdom in such a case is not a dependency, but if it be found necessary to rule it by means of a Governor, it is so far treated like a dependency. If the lesser kingdom has an independent constitution, it still need not become even practically a dependency, because the local powers may still be able to preserve an independent course of action. But a state like Naples, governed by a Viceroy sent by a despotic King, becomes to all intents and purposes a dependency.

The whole science of the "Government of Dependencies" was set forth, more than twenty years back, by Sir George Lewis, in his book bearing that title—one of those wonderful pieces of full and clear reasoning, taking nothing for granted, but proving and illustrating every stage, which probably no man but himself could have written. Ireland comes in as an illustration, and it is also made the subject of an Appendix of some length, showing the various relations in which England and Ireland stood to one another at various times. What is specially instructive is the way in which he shows that Ireland, even during the eighteen years of its independence, remained practically dependent on Great Britain. It was not like Naples, because, having an independent Parliament, local legislation was free. But Ireland was quite as incapable of an independent policy as Naples was. In all foreign relations Ireland remained practically a dependency. Like Jersey, she managed her own affairs, but she had no more power than Jersey had over the general affairs of the British Empire. This subordinate position of Ireland was in the nature of the case, and was independent of the peculiar system of management or corruption by which Ireland was still further kept in practical dependence. But Sweden and Norway stand formally in the same relation in which Great Britain and Ireland did from 1782 to 1800; yet no one would call Norway even practically a dependency of Sweden. There are many reasons for this difference, of which we will now mention only one. There is no such thing as a Swedish Empire, for we can hardly give that title to the two or three small colonies which now form the whole of the outlying possessions of Sweden. But if there were a Swedish Empire at all analogous to the British Empire, though several circumstances would still prevent Norway from sinking to the condition of Ireland before the Union, it is manifest that the practical position of Norway with regard to Sweden would be very inferior to what it is now.

Ireland, then, remaining practically a dependency even after 1782, naturally retained the badge of dependence, the Viceroyalty. But, after 1800, there could be, in theory, no need for a Viceroyalty. Ireland was now part of the same Kingdom as Great Britain; it was simply so many counties divided by the sea from other counties—simply a larger *Bute* or *Anglesey*. There was no more need, in theory, for a *Lord-Lieutenant* and his Court at Dublin than for a *Lord-Lieutenant* and his Court at York. The retention of the office was doubtless mainly owing to a conviction that, though Ireland was formally incorporated, it was not really incorporated, but that it must in some degree be still governed as a

dependency. No doubt every day since has diminished this necessity; but the odd thing is that the Irish cleave to the mark of inferiority as though it were a mark of honour. The *Lord-Lieutenancy* simply means that those counties of the United Kingdom which lie west of the Irish Sea have been found more difficult to govern than those which lie east of it. Similar offices once existed in other parts of the Kingdom; there was once a *Lord President of Wales* and a *Lord President of the North*. But the offices were abolished as grievances; it is only Ireland which likes to be reminded of its former state of dependency. It is ridiculous to talk of the *Lord-Lieutenancy* as the last relic of a distinct national existence of Ireland. A Scotch *Lord-Lieutenancy* might, in a certain sense, be so. The Scotch are much too sensible to wish for anything of the kind, but a *Viceroyal Court* at *Holyrood* might, without manifest absurdity, be called a representation or shadow of the days of Scottish independence. But a *Viceroyal Court* at *Dublin Castle* cannot be a representation or shadow of that which never existed; it represents not Irish independence but Irish dependence. That the institution may once have been found useful for the purposes of the British Government is intelligible enough, but that any Irishman, save a Dublin tradesman, should feel any attachment to it, is, like so many other Irish things, quite incomprehensible.

The peculiar position of Ireland, as compared with most dependencies, has been mainly owing to its combined size and nearness. There are very few parallel instances of so large a country being held as a dependency by one so near to it. The cases of city-commonwealths ruling over subject districts are quite different. Perhaps the nearest approach, though not an exact one, would be the case of Sicily, not under the Spanish, but under the Neapolitan government. Austria may indeed be said to hold Hungary as a dependency, and Hungary may be said to prefer dependence to incorporation. But Austria aims at incorporation, while, so far as Hungary can be said to prefer dependence, it is only as a step towards perfect independence. And again, it is only the peculiar policy and peculiar position of Austria which thus enables the smaller country to bear rule over the greater. And in any other cases where a people prefer some sort of separation to complete incorporation, it will be found that what they cleave to is the memory of a past independence—not, as in Ireland, past dependence—and commonly not without some hope of recovering such independence. The truth is that a country so nearly of the same size as Ireland is compared to England ought never to be a dependency. It is only mismanagement on both sides which made it so. The choice, in such a case, lies between perfect independence and perfect incorporation. Ireland had the great misfortune of being half-conquered, which prevented her attaining either. But with a small community, a single city, a small island, a province which has any peculiar character or marked nationality, it often happens that the position of a dependency is that under which it is most likely to flourish. There are positions in which complete independence, confederation, and incorporation are alike out of the question. We remember, a good while ago, when reviewing a book on the grievances of Orkney, comparing the case of Orkney with that of Jersey. Orkney has grievances; in the case of Jersey, we hear of no grievances, though we do hear something of abuses. Orkney is an integral part of the United Kingdom, part of a Scotch county, bound by every law which affects either the United Kingdom in general or Scotland in particular. Orkney complains, and the complaint is very likely to be true, that so small and distant a county gets no hearing in the Legislature for its peculiar wants; that, though part of the Kingdom, and represented in the House of Commons, it is practically an oppressed nationality. But Jersey complains of nothing; when there are complaints, it is other people who complain of Jersey. As it is, the local Legislature does, in ordinary cases, as it likes. The Imperial Legislature reserves the right of legislating for Jersey when it pleases, but when it does so, it legislates specially for Jersey, with consideration of the special circumstances of Jersey; Jersey cannot, like Orkney, find itself suddenly bound by some general Act of Parliament which may be quite unsuited to its special circumstances. If Jersey became an integral part of the Kingdom, if the Channel Islands sent a member or two to the House of Commons, this great advantage would be lost. A small State like this, where independence would be ridiculous, and where incorporation is undesirable, gets on much better as a dependency. So *Bordeaux*, as an English dependency, enjoyed an amount of practical freedom which it at once lost when it was incorporated with France. So the Republic of *Andorra* preserves complete internal independence, and is protected from all interference on the part of Spain by placing itself under the protection of France. So the old County of *Burgundy* found, when its union with Switzerland was hopeless, that the sovereignty of Spain was the second best thing for it. Spain, elsewhere an oppressor, could not venture on oppression in a province so peculiarly situated with regard to France. The two great Powers were checks on one another, and the County was virtually independent. Not so Milan, which had no neighbour in the position of France, and where Spain could therefore tyrannize as she pleased. In all these cases circumstances made it the interest of the distant sovereign or protector to allow a larger measure of freedom to the dependency than was possible for it in any other way. Even the *Grand Turk*, as protector, allowed *Ragusa* to retain full republican freedom, which it at once lost when first seized by France and then handed over to Austria. So the maritime empire of *Athens* effectively

defended its dependencies against the Great King against whom they could not have stood singlehanded. Here a free-Confederation would doubtless have been very much better, but Athens protected her subject States from much greater evils than any that she inflicted upon them. Massalia for a long time retained her civilizing position in Gaul, and Cherson her civilizing position on the Euxine, mainly as dependent allies of the Old and the New Rome respectively. In these latter cases the protecting Power at last turned traitor and swallowed up its ally; but this proves the case rather than disproves it. Cherson, as a free State under Imperial protection, long defied every enemy; Cherson, as a direct Imperial possession, became an easy prey to the Russian.

It seems then that, for the dependent relation to be suited to any State, that State must be so situated that the dependent relation secures to it a greater measure of real freedom than it could have if either independent or incorporated. Small States, distant States, less civilized States, States not yet arrived at maturity, States fallen from their former position, often find the position of a dependency that which really best suits their condition. But Ireland comes under none of these heads. Yet Ireland alone seems to have an abstract fancy for the dependent relation where it is quite out of place. If she cannot have Repeal—that is, the reality of dependence—at least give her a Lord-Lieutenant as the shadow of it. The Scots are wiser. Scotland, from 1603 to 1707, was in much the same position as Ireland from 1782 to 1800. But even then she had no Viceroy; it cannot be said that the King's Commissioner to the Scottish Estates filled anything like the position of the Irish Lord-Lieutenant. Since the Union—or rather, since the Union has really taken effect—Scotland has retained just so much distinctness as suits her own purposes. That is to say, she shares in all the advantages of the Kingdom at large, and keeps all local advantages to herself. Scotland, instead of a dependent, is really a privileged, district. Surely it has been, for some while past, the fault of the Irish themselves if their country has not been equally lucky. No doubt every grudge which Ireland retains against England is in some sort the due punishment of the wrongs of which England was guilty in past generations. Ireland may possibly still have wrongs, but, if so, she has a hundred vigorous voices to make them heard. And it is certainly hard to understand how any of them can be redressed by the extraordinary sham of giving to an integral part of the Kingdom, enjoying the same rights as other parts, the external appearance of still being a conquered and dependent province.

USE AND ABUSE OF FRENCH WORDS.

"**G**REAT masters of our language, in their most dignified compositions, affected to use French words, when English words quite as expressive and melodious were at hand." This, Macaulay states, was the case in 1685, when French influence in this country was at its height, and he quotes as the most offensive instance Dryden's lines—

Hither in summer evenings you repair,
To taste the "*fraîcheur*" of the summer air.

The great argument, of course, for the admission of French words into English prose and English conversation must rest upon the supposed impossibility of giving an exact equivalent for them, which is generally the case where such words are onomatopoeic, or where they express national characteristics. On the other hand, where this impossibility does not exist, we may ascribe the practice to fashion, affectation, or conceit. Dryden might have used "freshness" instead of *fraîcheur*, for there is no idea expressed by the latter that is not contained in the former; and Pope could hardly have justified himself when he wrote to Lady Mary W. Montagu about the "timorous *eschantillon* of what his spirit suggested." But during all this time the fashion was strong; whatever was French was right; and if, in the sixth satire of Juvenal, we were to substitute French for Greek, and English for Roman, we should hardly have an overdrawn account of English society and English manners as they existed in those days.

It was in 1677 that Monsieur de Paris returned to his City acquaintances "to give the *bon soir*," to be "*infiniment gaillard*," and "to quarrel with anybody who had been seen to go into an English eating-house at noonday;" for then the use of French words was the outward and visible sign of travel, as now the same impression is meant to be given by a few volumes of the Tauchnitz edition carelessly scattered about the table. It was more, however, than the sign of travel—it was the mark of good-breeding; and one of the most serious objections urged against Mr. Gerrard was, that "he never used the polite French word in his conversation," and carried his English eccentricities so far as to be able to exist without a snuff-box; and, although he had been abroad "as much as any man," never talked about "St. Peter's, or the Escorial—nay, not so much as the new Louvre and Pont Neuf." Utility was sacrificed to fashion. The object with which clothes were made was no longer that they should fit. Lady Lurewell was horrified because her dress had been made with that view, and she sent it back again to Mr. Remnant in order to have "a bulk of quality, a spreading contour." She wished for French refugees, and agreed with Monsieur le Marquis in thinking no resistance possible against "tree doux-yeux, one serenade, an' two capre." There was no absurdity that did not admit of palliation if only it was fortunate enough to be able to claim a French origin. The consequence of this, of course, was a

reaction on the other side, and we have a no less disagreeable set of people among whom we may place such characters as Sir Wilfull Witwoud, Manly, and Squire Western. Out of these we formed our typical Englishman, and we pique ourselves upon having for a representative a man who, although he had the merit of being "able to walk in the country," and of not using "paper gilt round the edges," drank more than Sir Wilfull Witwoud, was coarser than Manly, and possessed the combined obstinacy and ignorance of all three. For a long time this antagonism was popular, and for a long time Lord Foppingtons and their French valets held their place on the French stage in the interval between Vanbrugh's original comedy and Sheridan's adaptation of it in the *Trip to Scarborough*.

There are two particular sciences in the pursuit of which we have lost nearly all individuality, and where our merit almost entirely consists in successful imitation. The one is that of cookery; the other, that of dress. In the case of the former, the prevalent practice of giving French names to English dishes must arise in a great measure from the supposed accession of dignity to the subject. Cutlets and hard peas gain a great deal by the misnomer of "*Côtelettes aux petits pois*," and a great transformation is effected by the affix of *à la maître d'hôtel, à l'Italienne, or Bourguignotte*. It is true that considerable inconvenience may be caused by inability to translate the *menu*, and considerable disappointment may, in some cases, be the result of the inability; but still we very much doubt whether, since Madame de Sevigné lamented Vatel's death, the loss of dignity attendant upon imitation has not been amply compensated by the corresponding gain to English digestion. But in the case of dress, if the imitation has been as servile, how infinitely smaller has been the object to be attained! As we have seen in Lady Lurewell's case, the dress was a Procrustes' bed—it was the duty of the wearer to elongate or shorten himself as his garments required. There was one definite standard; according to that he was to be "brevatized" and "beperwigged," and it was useless to murmur against the decrees of tailors and milliners. Lord Foppington was soon persuaded by his shoemaker that his shoes, far from pinching him, as he asserted, fitted him admirably; and we believe that the story of the Emperor of China, who was persuaded by his courtiers to believe he was dressed in gold brocade, being in reality destitute of all clothing, might be told, with equal truth, of our predecessors. During this century we have been gradually endeavouring to emancipate ourselves in this respect, yet milliners have still a language of their own, as intelligible as Etruscan to the ordinary mass of the world.

Characteristic words, or words expressing the peculiar points or tone of a nation, are naturally borrowed. For instance, in the case of naval expressions, we have adopted many from Venice—as cargo from *cargo*, admiral from *ammiraglio*; and in the same way the French have borrowed from us many words characteristic of our pursuits, and for which their own language was wholly insufficient—as pony, jockey, steeplechase, &c. Consequently it is not to be wondered at that we have been obliged to adopt a great many phrases expressive of French *finesse*—typical, in short, of those individualities which the French nation exclusively possess—such as *calineries, bouduries, niaiseries, chuchoteries, faduries, agaçeries, espigleries, naïvetés*, &c. In these we have almost the plot of a French novel. With the addition of a few physiological details, one or two names, one morbid discussion on the properties of the soul, and a preface by Ernest Feydeau or Gustave Flaubert, we have a picture of French society. But we must distinguish between the class of people who make use of such words as these, and those who, having by accident heard of such phrases as *par excellence, de rigueur, au courant*, drag them into their conversation at all hazards on all occasions, violating every condition attendant upon their use, and only proving to their audience that they are as totally ignorant of French pronunciation, as they are affected in showing their ignorance.

A more ambitious class than this consists of those who, having by necessity read Madame de Sevigné's Letters in childhood, instead of saying "Guess," say "*Je vous le donne en dix*," and "*Jetez vous votre langue aux chattes?*" instead of "Do you give it up?"—occasionally committing themselves to a whole French sentence in public, although, like the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, they have no very distinct idea of the difference between "*Belle Marquise, vos beaux yeux me font mourir d'amour*," and "*D'amour mourir, belle Marquise, vos yeux beaux, me font.*" On the other hand, it is by no means a lesser affectation to attempt to render literally all French phrases, for often as absurd an effect would follow as in an old English novel, where we remember the French host, eager to display his two weeks' knowledge of the English language to his guest, translates everything for his benefit. Consequently, the cutlets are recommended on the ground that they are "jumped up according to the good woman." Hallam, in a note to his Constitutional History, speaks of a "misalliance," unwilling to use a Gallicism; yet there are few purists who would object to the word *mésalliance*. The ordinary tirade against the use of French words is raised by those who look upon the English language in much the same light as the English liturgy, and consider that change or innovation is as subversive of the one as of the other. They are unwilling to make any difference between young ladies who call everything *très chic* and those who employ words belonging to another language to express a nicety or distinction, with the view of conveying a clearer idea to their audience or to their readers.

How much more easy it is to say that some one is *débraillée*—*décoiffée*—*décolletée*, than to be obliged to descend to English slang to convey the same meaning. How difficult it is to give any conception of *cul de sac* without a periphrasis of several sentences. How much the word *endimanché* contains in itself—everything consequent upon a holiday, upon an unusual state both of feeling and of dress. A whole comedy is not too much to describe a "*femme précieuse*," and Johnson would have been as incapable of giving a short definition for *désillusionnée* and *dépayisée* as for "network." Everybody is supposed to know French well, and, to parody Mr. Tilney's description of letter-writing, everybody's ability to speak French is perfect, with the exception of three particulars—total inattention to grammar, a general deficiency of pronunciation, and a very frequent ignorance of subject. There is, however, in spite of this, a very great practical acquaintance with current French literature, and there is probably no inconsiderable number of persons who can tell from what French novels the comedies that succeed one another upon the English stage are drawn.

Again, if the use of French words was to be summarily taken away, what would be the misery of the reporter to the country newspaper, deprived of the pleasure of calling a breakfast a *déjeuner*, of stating that the bride was as *distinguée* as the food was *recherché*; above all, deprived of the pleasure of describing the company among whom he found himself as the *crème* and *élite* of the neighbourhood, and of calling attention to the consequent *éclat* of the whole proceedings. To him a few French words are no ordinary pleasure, and may reasonably be allowed him, although a little knowledge is sometimes a dangerous thing, as in the case of a hostess who, we remember, sent out cards of invitation to her ball with "R. I. P." in the corner, thereby puzzling her guests a good deal, and leaving them considerably in doubt as to the kindness of her intentions.

There has always been a reluctance upon the part of English writers of the present day to make use of French words, and Charlotte Brontë thinks it necessary to explain at length why she uses the word "*effleurer*," and the impossibility of finding any English substitute. German does not offer great facilities for quotations, and the few persons who have some slight acquaintance with the Italian language are contented with pronouncing something to be a *fiasco*, or stating that somebody is not *simpatica*, although sometimes they are provoked into quoting the lines written above the door of the Inferno. These, however, are exceptions; still more so are those who quote rather for their own information than for that of others, with the view of fixing words in their own memory by repetition, perhaps unconsciously taking Bacon's advice:—"And let his travaille appear rather in his discourse then in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse, let him rather be advised in his answers then forwards to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foraigne parts, but onely prick in some flowers, of that he hath learned abroad, into the customes of his owne country." This is sound advice, directed against the immemorial privilege of travellers to lie, although it is combined with directions of a more practical nature—the point which Bacon insists most upon being the necessity of keeping a diary, in which "capitall executions and such like" are to be noted. In this point he met with a disciple worthy of himself, and the result of Gibbon's keeping a diary in French may be described in his own words, where he speaks of himself as having, at twenty-two, "read with taste, thought with freedom, and written in a foreign language with spirit and elegance." But, unhappily, the world is not changed, and there is just as much room now as ever for the satire which Wycherley levelled against his contemporaries; for every year the number of those persons increases who, after a three months' absence from their own country, return to inveigh against their climate in broken English, and are able to urge none of the reasons alleged above in extenuation of their ignorance and affectation.

JERSEY POLEMICS.

AS the Channel Islands are to Ireland, so are the Jersey sectarians to those of Belfast. There was no bloodshed at St. Helier's, and the breakage was not of heads, but of glass windows. All that was thrown were hard words and hard stones; but it was no fault of the aggressor that the affair ended in his flight, by a back-door, from the indignation which he unwarrantably provoked. The Protestant Alliance is a body of Englishmen governed by a London Committee, on which clergymen are not ashamed to sit, whose avowed object is to further Protestant interests by pouring a perpetual fire of polemical foul language on Romanism. They give prizes for essays on the errors and abominations of Rome. They distribute tracts and "truly Protestant" publications of the same type; but their guerrilla warfare is chiefly carried on by hiring itinerant lecturers, who go about the country abusing their neighbours' religion. With this amiable object, the Protestant Alliance lately despatched "T. G. Owens, Esq., of London," to Jersey, to deliver three lectures on "Bible Truths contrasted with Romish Errors." The first lecture was interrupted by "a few roughs," who contented themselves with making a noise. The second was varied by several broken windows and many threats against the lecturer, who "made his exit by a back way." After this lecture, Mr. Owens had the coolness to ask the Governor

for a file of soldiers, he "being determined not to be deterred from his object by the threatenings of an infuriated mob." This impudent requisition was of course declined, but an application to the civil authorities was more successful. Although the Chief Constable suggested the propriety of abandoning the lecture, a body of police was furnished to keep the peace; and Mr. Owens, though "unprepared with his notes, his books of reference, or any of the articles which he proposed exhibiting," delivered his lecture, in which he thanked his audience "for the noble stand they had made in defence of liberty of thought," and denounced his assailants as "a wild, infatuated, and bigoted mob."

All this is, of course, very ridiculous, as well as very offensive. If Mr. Owens had been, as in Ireland he would most likely have been, knocked down and beaten by the poor ignorant people whose religion he crossed the sea to abuse, he would have been registered on the roll of Protestant martyrs. Discretion and prudence, and an eye to a useful back-door, are, however, fortunately among the virtues of modern martyrs; and Mr. Owens has earned a rise in his salary with very little danger to himself. He has won fame and his wages cheaply. He must, we presume, have counted the cost of a few kicks in taking up his creditable calling; but he is not above the sagacious, though somewhat unapostolic, policy of preaching the truth under the protection of a file of bayonets. This Jersey incident, though commonplace enough, gives rise to some reflections on what is called liberty of thought, and on certain peculiarities of the modern missionary system.

Mr. Owens tried to persuade his Jersey audience that they "had made a stand in defence of the liberty of public meeting." Liberty of thought and liberty of public meeting are doubtless very sacred rights. They are, of course, guaranteed by Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, though we are not aware of the terms in which this privilege is confirmed. Civil and religious liberty is part of the British Constitution, though, like a good deal of that ethereal essence, it happens to be in no written statute. Britons never shall be slaves, nor wear wooden shoes. But the practical question is whether all these great and manifold blessings, the charter of our land, depend upon the right to hold public meetings at which "the attendance of all who desire information to [sic] the real character and working of the Romish"—or any other religious—"system is requested." In other words, it comes to this:—Does liberty of thought in religious things involve and include the right to abuse other people's religion in public? Is the right of public meeting compromised if we say that such lectures as Mr. Owens' ought to be prohibited? All public meetings which are likely to lead to a breach of the peace are illegal. That happens to be the law of England. We know from experience that such lectures and meetings as those of Mr. Owens are likely to lead to riots—meetings of which the interest consists in the strongest condemnation of religious doctrines and "the exhibition of articles," which some of our fellow-subjects, very foolishly perhaps, look upon with reverence. What "articles" Mr. Owens "purposed to exhibit" in a lecture on "Transubstantiation and the Sacrifice of the Mass," we do not choose to conjecture; but they must have been "articles" which to a good many persons are objects of very sincere, if irrational, and very religious respect. When a man issues a handbill, and in the syllabus of a forthcoming lecture promises to enlarge on the "gross perversions" and "great burning falsehoods" which are sincerely believed in by other people, what does he expect? He means to address either those who believe in these falsehoods and perversions, or those who by their own religious profession show that they do not accept them. If he expects his audience to consist of Protestants, they want no confirmation in their anti-Roman faith; unless, indeed, his opinion of Protestants is that they can be entertained by a sarcastic and satirical description of the follies and absurdities of other people's religion. If he expects his audience to consist, even in part, of Romanists, he must know that he is doing his very best to provoke them to strife, to confirm them in their errors, and to kindle the very worst passions in their bosoms. No man was ever yet converted to any truth by blackguarding even his most erroneous convictions. Tell a Papist that he is an idolater and a fool, that the head of his religion is an old dotard, and that his religious advisers are ready for sixpence to give him full and free license to commit every sort of sin, and if you are knocked down for this exercise of "liberty of thought" you fully deserve it. The Protestant Alliance is glad enough to confound liberty of thought with licentiousness of speech, and to pretend that zeal for souls can only be shown by a plentiful exercise of cursing and swearing. We do not dispute the right of the Protestant Alliance to think as strongly, to write as strongly, and even to speak among themselves as strongly, as they please about Romish errors. What we do deny is their right to say it in public, to invite Romanists to be insulted in public, and then to assert that the privilege of public meeting is infringed when Romanists resent these insults.

Ay! but—the Protestant Alliance replies—you forget the sacred interests of truth. We have the truth; we are bound to pronounce it boldly in the market and on the house-top; it is part of the Apostolic Commission to go and teach all men, boldly to speak the truth, and to confute error by a public denunciation of it. Here a very serious question, and of large incidence, occurs. Admitting Romanism, and every religion but your own, to be a tissue of errors—allowing, for argument's sake, that all Papists must be treated only as infidels and idolaters are to be treated—is truth only to be vindicated by

abusing and exposing error? Is even idolatry best met by a fervent missionary jeering and sneering at image worship, and by making jests on ugly blocks of wood and stone? Has the Protestant Alliance ever considered how the Founder and Apostles of the Gospel treated idolatry? There is not the shadow of a shade of proof that our Lord Himself abused or publicly exposed the wickedness of idol worship. We know that He visited idolatrous cities such as Tyre and Sidon, but the Gospels contain no report of his denunciations of a rampant and established Paganism. He destroyed idolatry by preaching, and living, something better than idolatry. And as it was with the Saviour so was it with His Apostles. Legend, of course, tells us how Apostles insulted and vilified idol worship; but the authentic Acts of the Apostles give a very different account of the true genius of Christian missions. St. Paul visited, among other seats of Paganism, two of the famous strongholds of idolatry. Had he been a lecturer of the Protestant Alliance, he would have held a public meeting, issued placards at Athens and Ephesus with the significant epigraph, "Collections on retiring, towards paying expenses," and, after consulting with the authorities about a centurion's guard for his personal protection, he would have exposed the abominations of the mysteries, the extreme wickedness of the lives of Zeus and Aphrodite, and the remarkable absurdity of the notions of Artemis and the image which fell from heaven. What St. Paul's missionary sermons were we know partly from that discourse delivered on Mars' Hill, in which, from common truths held by both Christian and Pagan, without the slightest contumelious reference to idolatry, or to the wretched and miserable religion of his hearers, he led the Athenians to better things; and partly from the admission of the Ephesian authorities, that however fervently they preached the truth, the Apostle and his companions were "neither robbers of churches"—as it is absurdly rendered in our translation, but which at least means men not given to insult things considered holy by their hearers—"nor yet blasphemers of your goddess." Now, if St. Paul was right in this economy of truth, and so carefully avoided even the imputation of using strong language about such a brutal superstition as the worship of Diana of the Ephesians, it strikes us that the Protestant Alliance, in its lectures, is hardly imitating either apostolic principle or apostolic practice. No doubt that St. Paul's spirit was stirred within him when he beheld the sumptuous and gorgeous display of Athenian polytheism, and that he was deeply shocked at the sight of a city wholly given to idolatry; no doubt that the result of his mission to the Gentiles was that many idolaters confessed their sins and embraced the truth. But the real question for Protestant Alliances and for missionaries in general to consider is whether the spirit, the language, and the method of St. Paul give the least sanction to the spirit, the language, and the method of such itinerant lecturers—whose chief accomplishment is a copious flux of vituperative language—as those of whom Mr. T. G. Owens is only an ordinary representative.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE SPOILT AND MIMICKED.

THERE is, in the present transitional state of Church fabrics, a great need of a body of men of taste and correct views in ecclesiastical architecture, who might bring to bear acknowledged and ascertained principles, with a view of checking the ignorance and carelessness with which repairs and so-called "restorations" are frequently conducted. It would be too much to expect that every parish should contain the requisite array of well-informed persons to control the jobbing of vestries, and the interested or purely incapable action of churchwardens and even of incumbents. But there are few dioceses where the nucleus of such an association might not be formed in the cathedral city; and by dint of corresponding members and honorary associates judiciously adopted from a further radius, and, above all, by sustained communications with a metropolitan or otherwise central committee of distinguished amateurs and architects, an adequate machinery might be contrived for bringing matured experience and well-digested canons of taste to bear on abominations threatened to be "done in a corner." The knowledge that such a body existed would often prevent the worst atrocities from being even contemplated. Above all, a weekly or monthly periodical with illustrations, ready to show up on the instant the grotesque aberrations of churchwardenism, and to fix at once the indignant eye of just criticism on the mutilation of a venerable edifice under specious pleas which may pass unchallenged on the spot, would in many places exercise a salutary terror on the minds which animate parochial bodies. Photography has placed a consummate resource within our reach for the purpose. Its happiest effects are undeniably to be found in rendering the hard fixed outlines of architectural design, far more than in reproducing the features of a landscape or of a human face. No nobler use can surely be found for it than to check barbarism by bringing down on its enormities the swinging rebuff of public criticism which follows detection and exposure. Wherever a church is being barbarized, let the camera direct its focus upon the ignorant wretch or ruthless monster who has the job in hand, until his abominations glare in the full blaze of publicity. Much havoc would be prevented by a modicum of exposure. Nor would the prevention of havoc be more important than the direction of expenditure, the promotion of economy, and the checking of waste. As ill-cut trowsers and misconstrued boots are, in the long run, the most ex-

pensive, so it is with the ecclesiastical shoddy and slopwork with which we are too familiar. The fabric so dealt with doesn't stand. The want of proportion and symmetry prevents the due equilibrium of the masses; the parts, which should support, destroy each other; and patch-work wears rapidly into holes. The hapless tinkering which noble piles have undergone from the petty wiseacres who happened to have the control of the "situation" at the moment have, in many cases, irreparably marred the fruits of the wisdom and beneficence of previous ages. These are the occasions which we wish to see redeemed, fertile in felicitous results if duly seized, but if let slip or abused—

nitidis maculam basuram fignentia rebus.

The isolation and independence of individual parishes are, moreover, so great that, where an incumbent and his parishioners are agreed on perpetrating any portentous mistake, the bishop, archdeacon, and rural dean put together can do little or nothing to stop it. Vestrymen may patch stone with brick, stop windows, turn arches into squares, and fonts into slop-basins, chip away rare mouldings, deface delicate features, break up effigies, tear out brasses, choke interiors with galleries, and, in fact, behave like so many bulls in a china shop, without being more than croaked at by some tardy antiquary in the obscurest corner of a provincial newspaper when the deed is irremediably done. Not only, however, where a case for repair or restoration is agreed upon, but where disrepair yawns dismally and dilapidation is silently stealing on amidst the half-measures of putty and stucco, such supervision as we propose would be invaluable. Do we never see the flag-stones of the chancel blotted with verdant smears of damp, the luxuriant ivy, after forcing its way through the yielding roof, waving greenly over the aisles as if the Christmas decorations had taken root and were vegetating, the mouldings clogged with whitewash in the interstices and veiled with cobwebs over the whitewash, mangy green baize, rusted metal, crazy window-fastenings, creaking pew-doors, and recumbent figures foul by his remarks.

To sum up this portion of the subject—there is, first, the honest ignorance which blunders on chaotically, from a total blindness as to the principles of construction unless in haystacks, or of those of decoration, save so far as applicable to a booth at a fair. There is the priggish "little knowledge" which, especially when combined with the hugo conceit of it, is at once more mischievous and more offensive, and which, proverbially noted as "a dangerous thing," ought, if possible, to be made dangerous to its meddlesome possessors instead of being so only to the churches on which they experimentalize. Again, there is the sordid votary of utilitarianism who sees in a church nothing but a means of preventing the rain from reaching a collection of "sittings," and places its highest structural virtue in the greatest accommodation of the greatest number. This last turn of mind would seem more naturally akin to a contemptuous disregard of æsthetic principles than to either the honest ignorance or the little knowledge aforesaid. Yet it is capable of allying itself with either, and, when combined with the latter, realizes the most malignant form of falsehood in church art, and develops a virulent heresy of bad taste, of which we mourn the ravages when it perpetrates a "restoration," even more than the outrages when it sets up an edifice *de novo*. Its tendency is to work out the grand utilitarian idea and then the minor decorative idea by two distinct processes. The one occupies the area of such a mind, and the other its margin, and the two are as distinct as meat and mustard. It would house the congregation first, and then see what can be done to ornament the shed or barn, or whatever crude form of clumsiness may have resulted from the first effort. It first sets to work to make things snug, and then to make them pretty; and claps upon the featureless shape of its first structural conception the afterthoughts of architectural trimming. If a sculptor, professing to produce a bust, were to take a barber's block and glue a mask upon it, he would aptly illustrate the constructive process of which we speak. The church builder or church restorer in question has no notion of a compound form the simple elements of which are elegant, and, being harmonious, result in the embodiment of truth; and his building is no more like what a church should be than a hair-trunk on four posts resembles a horse. Such designers should perpetrate their abominations in iron only. They would find there a material worthy of their art, and no traditional associations to rebuke their audacity. Not that, of course, there is any necessary connexion between iron and ugliness, nor that the conditions of structure and modifications of type which any material imposes are inconsistent with a beauty proper to itself; but that, in fact, iron has become the rough and ready way of throwing a shelter over a congregation. Thus it has become connected with the notion of churches "wholesale and for exportation," and suggests the embodiment of no idea in particular save that of boxing off so many heads of Christians for a devotional purpose. It results practically in holy railway-sheds and consecrated dog-kennels of an exaggerated size. The "cheap and nasty" among church styles has fixed upon corrugated iron as its exponent among materials. Even if crumpled sheets of iron pinned together are all that the architect has to deal with, there is no necessity for the resulting structure being more un-ideal'd than the popular type of a Chinese joss-house, or than a child's house of

cards. Still, these tabernacles of Tubal Cain fitly express the coarser and harsher tendencies of the age from which they spring; all that they want is a cast-iron parson to preach detonating sermons by steam.

In noticing the declensions or degradations to which church architecture is practically liable, it is hardly a digression to remark the vagaries of Dissent in quest of a style in which to embody its proper characteristics. As you can tell a shopkeeper from a gentleman, although all the repositories of Bond Street and St. James's Street have lavished their material upon the outer man, so you can, by an infallible diagnosis, detect the conventional Gothic. The feebleness of it lies in the fact that it has no idea to express, and therefore small blame to its defectiveness of expression. "My dear madam," said an artist once to a lady of faultless feature who sat to him, "do call up an expression!" But there was not beneath the simpering symmetry of her face, any more than in the glossy satin of her dress, the source from which expression springs, and so the canvas merely perpetuated the vacuity of the original. And so it is with the architectural features of "Little Bethel" and its brethren, whether in stucco or stone. Those features are, in effect, mean and dowdy. They labour under their exceeding negativeness. Their essence is *non-conformity*, and therefore their device of form is a thing of nought. We have in our eye, as we write, would-be elegant compound structure of the Congregational persuasion. The main pile is the place of worship, attached to which by an isthmus of school-building is a peninsula of quasi-parsonage. No expense has been spared. The materials are good, or even fine, and the workmanship finished. There is no shoddy in it, and nothing slipshod about it; neither is there any shoddy or anything slipshod in or about a well-to-do greengrocer in his Sunday clothes; and this is just the point of excellence which the conventional Gothic has managed to reach. It now has superseded the stone façade with hinder continuations of brick, which, since front and wings only were meant to be visible, may be termed the "cherubic" style of architecture. It has perhaps ceased to utilize its spires by making them the chimneys of the heating apparatus, although we have lately seen such an use of them in a provincial town of "first-water" celebrity. But there is something about its style which affects us like a dropped aspirate. The best of its practical results, however, is that, just as our well-to-do greengrocer is unconscious of the difference between himself and that which he seeks to imitate, so the pastor and his congregation at Jericho can only see that their new windows are "more pointed" than the "pointedest" in the neighbouring cathedral, and feel sure that they have secured the genuine style. Not only in edifice but in other points of costume our Dissenting brethren are laying on thick the varnish of ceremonial which their fathers abhorred. They have only to persuade their congregations, and there is no Court of Arches or Privy Council to impugn the folk-thing of pew-renters. With them *vox populi* is *vox Dei*. Thus they go ahead, without scruple or reproach. We may soon expect to see the cross without and the surplice within, and whatever else they have gnashed their teeth at for centuries. They would en-church themselves as a complement to un-churching the Church; but the result is still *ephippia bos piger*, still our baker or greengrocer without a crumb or a seed upon his Sunday array. The old Roman satirist did but prefigure this mimetic aspect of Nonconformity when he said:—

Gallia causidico facunda Britannos,
De conduendo loquitur jam rhetore Thule.

The Particular Baptists have learned architecture from the Plymouth Brethren, and the Bible Christians are talking of hiring an organist. A "Lady Huntingdon's" congregation has decided on adopting the weekly offertory. The very Quakers are narrowing their brims and darkening their drab. Old landmarks are being removed from before our eyes. To what eccentricities of divergence our Dissenting brethren may come we may be excused from predicting; we only venture to forebode that they will still agree to differ.

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

AN adaptation of the French drama *Les Pauvres de Paris*, which has been recently brought out at the Princess's Theatre, under the above title, with decided success, suggests a couple of reflections bearing reference to the present state of the London stage. In the first place, it shows, in a most striking manner, the immense importance which is attached to scenic decoration by a modern public, and the extent to which the decorative principle may be applied. There are some pieces of the spectacle kind which are obviously written for the purpose of introducing a series of brilliant pictures, and in which the author necessarily becomes the ministering genius to the painter. Such pieces, as far as London is concerned, were more common in the days of serious melodrama than at the present time, for our burlesques and pantomimes depend on other than spectacular elements; but the type of them may be found in the huge *farces* which are yearly produced and revived at Paris, some of them attaining a longevity achieved by few classical works. Mr. Charles Kean's grand "revivals," which for so many years maintained the Princess's at the head of English theatres, were all suggested by the greatness of Shakespeare's historical subjects. If, while representing the progress of Bolingbroke to the throne, the exploits of Henry V. in France, the magnificence and fall of Wolsey, the poet had not indicated

the employment of illustrative accessories, which indeed would not have been possible on the olden stage, his figures were really supposed to stand prominent in a gorgeous picture, which the imagination of the spectators was required to supply. Complex action, such as that of a battle, did not take place behind the scenes, as in the antique and French classical drama, but was represented on the stage by means avowedly imperfect, and to diminish the imperfection of those means was the design of the "reviving" manner.

But there is nothing in the subject of the *Streets of London* that suggests the profusion of illustration that has been bestowed upon it. The story, by no means devoid of interest, is altogether of a domestic character, and sets forth the miseries which two young people are forced to endure in London in consequence of their father's ruin. Almost in a state of starvation, they find themselves near Charing Cross, but their calamities no more belong to that particular spot than to any other leading thoroughfare of the capital. Neither are they figures in a complex *tableau*. As far as the drama is concerned, the manager is no more required to reproduce the peculiarities of Charing Cross than, if he were to bring out the *Rivals*, he would be forced to put upon his stage the exact and detailed representation of some particular Bath locality as a background to the conversation between the two servants in the opening of Sheridan's play. Nevertheless, scenery, if not required by the piece, is acceptable to the public; and Mr. George Vining, the manager of the Princess's, making the best of an opportunity, presents his audience with a view of Charing Cross that is the very culminating point of modern realism. The pencil of the painter is insufficient for his purpose. The front of a druggist's shop, in which real bottles are conspicuous, must have a place among the more prominent objects. Perspective will necessarily fail in giving all the effect of which a row of gas-lights is capable; therefore real lamp-posts must rise from the stage, each furnished with its jet. Nor, when painter, machinist, and builder have done their work, is the problem of presenting a real Charing Cross thoroughly achieved. In old times, audiences might be satisfied to behold two or three persons talking together in a populous thoroughfare, without requiring to see the passengers that had no connexion with the story, but this would not do now-a-days. Charing Cross at six o'clock on a winter's evening, without its appropriate throng, is a monstrosity to which no one who would have a mirror held up to nature is willing to submit. Accordingly, policemen who have nothing to do with the plot cross the stage in file, simply to complete the picture; boys, tumbling over head and heels, beg for halfpence; a man with the well-known transparent hat advertises the "Coal-hole." There is, in short, nothing to be seen at Charing Cross which is not shown at the Princess's. The same idea of exactly representing reality is followed out in the case of a fire, with its complement of engines, &c., which rather interrupts than aids the development of the story, but which, nevertheless, is perhaps the best conflagration ever witnessed on any stage.

Perfectly satisfied with these living *tableaux* — which, in their kind, are an ample return for the entrance-money — we find ourselves putting the question whether the decidedly realistic taste that dictates this sort of decoration is hostile to the interests of the literary drama, and we find ourselves answering the question with an emphatic "Yes." The man of business who met a business acquaintance at the corner of Trafalgar Square would, if he plunged into some important topic, at once abstract himself from all surrounding objects that had nothing to do with the affair; and if any of them were obtrusive, as might be the case with the acrobatic little boys, he would call in a curse as an aid to the abstracting process. But a modern public is not so much interested in a fictitious story that it desires to dismiss those objects which in actual life would either seem to be vexatious interruptions or not be seen at all. Never had we so palpable a proof that the public cares more for the *tableaux* than the plot as in the instance of this particular scene. The story, as we have observed, is by no means devoid of interest, and it is in this very scene that one of the most affecting incidents takes place. Nevertheless, although the starving brother and sister are before their eyes, the audience are quite ready to forget them altogether when a miniature cab crosses the back of the stage, and a round of cheerful applause announces the fact that sympathy with imaginary grief has been quenched by admiration at another successful imitation of reality. Does not this state of things indicate a decay of the very mind that is necessary for the appreciation of a higher order of drama?

The *Streets of London* also suggests the reflection that a very little knowledge of actual life is required to write a play, even when the representation of real life is the avowed object of the work. A theatrical public, rigid as to the reality of a gaslight or a Hansom cab, is less particular with respect to human nature. *Les Pauvres de Paris*, a piece written by MM. Brisbarre and Nus to show the especial hardships of penniless Parisians, fits the London poor quite well enough to satisfy a playgoer. Mr. Dion Boucicault, by whom the piece is adapted, just decorates the lips of some of the personages with scraps of the Cockney dialect, and here and there makes some alteration of detail; but altogether the work, with all its windings and turnings, is substantially the same as in French, and it is only in those parts which are the production of the painter, the machinist, and the stage-manager that the life of the London streets is immediately copied.

To estimate fully the force of these remarks it is necessary to bear in mind the nature of the piece. It by no means follows,

because the mere outline of a play is derived from a foreign source, that the filling-up may not be perfectly racy and original. Shadwell founded upon the *Adelphi* of Terence a comedy called the *Squire of Alsacia*, which antiquarians still refer to with respect, as affording a living picture of Whitefriars before the abolition of the sanctuary. But in the Latin—or rather Greek—comedy there is no trace of any region of Athenian scampdom that Shadwell could have transferred to the back of the London Temple. He simply borrowed the notion of a pair of brothers of opposite temperaments—a married man and a bachelor—the latter of whom adopts one of the two sons of the former, and brings him up indulgently, while the other is harshly reared by his father. The two different principles of education are contrasted by the English as by the Latin—or rather Greek—writer, but when Shadwell makes the roughly cultured youth “go to the bad,” he lays his Terence on the shelf, and plunges into all the revelries of Alsacia. Of course, the mere fact that the Alsatian scenes are connected with a stupid lad who is no sooner out of a stern father’s clutches than he is ready to plunge into any excess, and that the notion of a personage so placed is borrowed from an antique source, does not in the least affect the originality of these particular scenes, nor are they sufficient effectually to confute an opinion that Shadwell’s pictures of Alsacia were derived from immediate observation. But the relation between the *Adelphi* and the *Squire of Alsacia* is entirely different from that between the *Pauvres de Paris* and the *Streets of London*. In the latter, a detailed picture of the manners of a large section of the populace of our capital is assumed to be a sufficiently accurate portrait of the corresponding people of another to be rendered unexceptionable with the aid of a few small touches. And the assumption is not incorrect—the audience are satisfied.

Now could a novelist attain success in a similar way? Could Miss Braddon, for instance, take in hand M. Eugene Sue’s *Mystères de Paris* and make of it a narrative illustrative of London thieftown that would satisfy a moderately intelligent body of readers? Or, looking at a work of more humble pretension than any novel of Miss Braddon’s, let us ask, could any amount of French reading have resulted in the late Mr. Pierce Egan’s record of the adventures of Tom and Jerry? Certainly not. There is a certain vagueness in the very nature of drama that removes dramatic personages from that immediate comparison with the personages of real life which is challenged by the writer of narrative fiction. Even the *Edipus* of Sophocles is a less tangible personage than any one of the leading Homeric heroes. The dramatic poet, having forfeited the right of minute description that belongs to his epic brother, produces a figure so far abstract that it may be accepted as the type of many distinct individualities. Let M. Paul de Kock describe a Parisian *gamin*, and Mr. Charles Dickens a London street-boy, and there will not be the slightest resemblance between them. Put them on the stage, their difference fades away, and what is left of it belongs perhaps more to the *costumier* than to the dramatist.

The impunity with which the dramatist can repeat characters already exhibited leads ultimately to the establishment of a number of stage-figures that are imprinted upon the public mind so strongly as at last to be endued with a sort of secondary reality. Indeed, a new standard of reality has been erected on the stage. In the world a stingy Irishman and an unworldly Scotchman would occasion no amount of suspicion, but on the stage they would be almost solecisms. On the other hand, the itinerant trader in vegetable produce who invariably uses the *v* for the *w* would be regarded in actual life as an oddity even by those who accepted the converse substitution as a natural form of vulgarity, but on the stage he is accepted as the veritable likeness of a costermonger. This admission of a stage-reality has caused the drama to lose much of its freshness at an early stage of its growth, and is perhaps one of the causes that its literary ascendancy lasts for so short a time in any country. Whether or not he betakes himself to the plays of other countries, the dramatist, even when he means to be original, is strongly tempted to repeat the creations of his predecessors, and when the stage is once confirmed in the habit of reproducing itself, it loses its value as a reflex of actuality. People at last prefer the painted scene which is certainly copied from nature to the stage-play which is copied from the stage.

REVIEWS.

BOSSUET’S EDUCATION OF THE DAUPHIN.*

THERE are books which owe their value neither to the positions which they establish nor to the information which they contain, but to the completeness and vigour, and possibly to the beauty, with which they represent a particular view of some subject of general and lasting importance. To do this in such a way as to command the attention of the world for a great length of time is the greatest of all literary exploits. A mere discovery has about it something of the nature of a happy accident. Ordinary qualities united with a laborious disposition, will enable a commonplace man to write an instructive and useful book; but no one except a great man can succeed in uniting into one harmonious whole various lines of thought and study, so as to make his

facts and his thoughts illustrate and support each other, to show the essential unity of views which at first sight appear to relate to different subjects, and to arrest the attention and express the convictions of a considerable section of mankind. A work which rises to such a level throws, for all future times, a light upon the age in which it was written which scarcely anything else can give.

Hardly any one ever performed this feat more impressively than Bossuet in the three books now before us. Collectively, they may be said to express the high Tory theory of life—absolutism—in its flower and perfection. For nearly two hundred years the tide has flowed in a diametrically opposite direction. A few men of genius, gravitating like De Maistre towards mysticism, or recoiling like Dr. Newman from scepticism, have, for more or less eloquent reasons, attempted to stem the general current, and to think as men thought at a different stage of the world’s history, but they have made no deep or lasting impression. They are forced to admit that they exercise no real influence on the course of affairs, and express no view of them which is unconsciously held by any considerable number of disciples. By looking back for a time to the teaching of their great predecessors, we learn to see the real value of their theories, and to understand under what conditions of life and knowledge men really could believe what they, after all, only try to believe.

If it were the order of nature that God should be represented upon earth by infallible priests and irresponsible kings, it would be impossible to imagine a nobler system of education for a great king than that which Bossuet conceived, or a teacher better suited to carry it out than Bossuet himself. No one can read his letters to Innocent XI. *de institutione Delphini* without a strange mixture of respect for the teacher’s intense earnestness, magnificent vigour, and immovable self-confidence—pity for the unfortunate pupil who was subjected to a pressure which no human being could be expected to endure—and wonder at the splendid falsehood of the whole course of instruction. No castle in the air was ever more magnificent, or less solid in its foundations, than that which Bossuet builds up in these memorable books with the most perfect confidence in its stability. Certain parts of his teaching, no doubt, are sound and true, and all are expressed with incomparable majesty of style and thought; but, viewed as a whole, and in their mutual relations and connexions, his opinions have, by the mere force of time and facts, become altogether incredible and untenable on the terms on which he held them.

The drift of the whole course of study might be thus expressed. Thus ought a King of France, the first of mankind, to think of man and his destiny, and to rule the noblest branch of the human race. This general subject is arranged under three great heads:—The knowledge of God and man in general; the knowledge of the dealings of God with man in fact, as displayed in universal history; the knowledge of the laws given by God to man for his guidance in political life. The treatise *De la Connaissance de Dieu et de Soi-même*, seems to have been the first of the three works, both in the date of its composition and in the scheme of education to which the Dauphin was submitted. Its drift is thus summed up by Bossuet himself in his letter to Innocent XI. :—

Nous expliquons la structure du corps, et la nature de l'esprit, par les choses que chacun expérimente en soi; et faisons voir qu'un homme qui sait se rendre présent à lui-même trouve Dieu plus présent que toute autre chose, puisque sans lui il n'auroit ni mouvement, ni esprit, ni vie, ni raison, selon cette parole vraiment philosophique de l'apostole préchant à Athènes.

The book is divided into five chapters, treating respectively of the soul, the body, the union between them, God their Creator, and the difference between men and animals. Its most characteristic feature is its extreme and unflinching dogmatism. It never occurs to Bossuet that any conclusion but one can be reasonable, and that conclusion is, of course, the essence of orthodoxy. Strange, however, as the expression may appear, Bossuet was a thorough-going rationalist. He says—

The understanding (l’entendement) is the light which God has given us for our guidance. It has different names; in its inventive and penetrating capacity it is called spirit (esprit); in so far as it judges and directs to truth and goodness, it is called reason and judgment. Reason, in so far as it turns us from the true evil of man, which is sin, is called conscience.

He adds elsewhere that, unless it is seduced by passion, reason is infallible. Error, he says, is caused by haste, pride, impatience, and sloth, and he adds:—

It is certain that reason, when purged of these vices, and truly attentive to its object, will never err, because then it will either see clearly, and what it sees will be true, or it will not see clearly, and then it will be certain that it ought to doubt till light appears. . . . The understanding is never forced to err, and never does err except for want of attention; and if it judges wrong by following the senses or the passions derived from them too readily, it will correct its judgment if a right will makes it attentive to its object and to itself.

The object of reason is truth, eternal and immutable. This is asserted with characteristic emphasis and courage in a passage which shortly sums up the drift of the whole book, in these words:—

If everything done by the rule of proportions, that is to say, if all natural objects except myself were destroyed, these rules would survive in my thoughts, and I should clearly see that they would always be good and always be true, even if I myself were destroyed, and if no one were left capable of understanding them. If now I inquire where and in what subject they subsist eternal and immutable, as they are, I am forced to admit a being where truth subsists eternally and is always understood; and this being must be the truth itself, and nothing but truth, and it is from it that truth flows to all existing objects external to it. It is, then, in this being, in a manner to me incomprehensible, still it is in this being that I see these eternal truths, and to see them is to turn to Him who is unchangeably true,

* 1. *De la Connaissance de Dieu et de Soi-même.*
2. *Discours sur l’Histoire Universelle.*
3. *Politique tirée de l’Ecriture Sainte.*

and to receive His light. This eternal object is God, eternally subsisting, eternally true, eternally the truth itself.

Further on, he says that these eternal truths, which are always the same to every mind, and which themselves regulate the understanding, "sont quelque chose de Dieu, ou plutôt sont Dieu même."

These passages contain the main propositions of the whole treatise, part of which consists of an anatomical description of the more important organs of the body, and another part of a speculation on the way in which the soul acts on the nerves, and so on the muscles and limbs. The only difficulty which Bossuet appears to have felt at all seriously was that which is derived from the animal creation. If animals have will and reason, and if God and eternal truth are the proper objects of reason, why do they not believe in God and eternal truth, and why are they not moral agents? He labours greatly to answer this difficulty, and though he does not go quite so far as Descartes (whose influence on his mind is everywhere apparent) in making the beasts mere machines, he goes a long way in that direction. He will hardly allow them even sensation, and he utterly denies that an animal can, in any proper sense of the word, be educated. Their training is a mere mechanical process. "A man who trains a dog gives him a piece of bread, takes a stick in his hand, strikes (*enfonce*) material objects (so to speak) into every organ, and teaches him by blows of a stick as you forge iron with blows of a hammer." It is well worthy of observation that the *a priori* theory of human knowledge and of the human soul always leads to these coarse and ignorant views of the nature of animals. As to the arguments on which the theory itself is based, it is probably true that some minds are satisfied by it, but to the great bulk of mankind it will always appear to amount to nothing more than a passionate assertion of the truth of a preconceived opinion, thrown into an ostensibly argumentative and philosophical shape. It probably never convinced any one who was not convinced before, or silenced any one who was not prevented either by legal or social penalties from speaking his mind. We refer to those arguments here not for the sake of discussion, but in order to point out their relation to other parts of Bossuet's teaching of more immediate practical importance.

The principle that the mind not only can attain to a direct transcendental knowledge of these divine and eternal truths, but that the power of doing so is the specific quality by which man is distinguished from the brutes, affords an appropriate introduction to the doctrine of the *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*, the first great attempt ever made to view the whole course of history as a whole, traversed and sustained by one great design. From our own reflections we learn that there is a God possessed of certain attributes and ruling over the world. Though this being has chosen to leave us free, he has secret ways of controlling and disposing of our free will in such a manner as to work out his designs (this is the principal lesson of the separate dissertation called the *Traité du Libre Arbitre*). The history of the world must, and does, show specifically how He has directed human affairs, and what is their great general lesson. It would be hard to mention any book which shows more magnificent qualities than this, the sublime audacity of its conception being perhaps the most striking of them all. It is an apotheosis of authority in all its forms. Its great lesson is that, from the beginning of the world to the time at which Bossuet wrote, there had been one great succession of awful and venerable institutions, ecclesiastical and civil, which were the representatives of God to men. One of the most characteristic passages is in these words:—

Quelle consolation aux enfants de Dieu! mais quelle conviction de la vérité, quand ils voient que d'Innocent XI., qui remplit aujourd'hui si dignement le premier siège de l'Église on remonte sans interruption jusqu'à Saint Pierre, établi par Jésus Christ prince des Apôtres, d'où en reprenant les pontifes qui ont servi sous la loi on va, jusqu'à Aaron et jusqu'à Moïse ; de là jusqu'aux patriarches et jusqu'à l'origine du monde ! quelle suite, quelle tradition, quel enseignement merveilleux !

The most prominent object in the book is, of course, the establishment and growth of religion, which he views as the great central event of human history to which everything conduces, and from which everything derives its importance. The vigour and unhesitating conviction with which this is put forward is certainly more impressive than convincing. Voltaire observed with truth that, in order to produce the desired effect, Bossuet was obliged to give to the history of the Jews a degree of prominence out of all proportion to that which really belonged to it. Voltaire himself may have fallen into the opposite fault, but it is certainly true that Bossuet so managed his argument as to make not merely the substantial truth, but almost the verbal accuracy, of the whole Mosaic history vitally essential to his cause. When he wrote, the questions to which so much attention has been directed in the course of the last few years by Bishop Colenso were just beginning to be agitated, and had been very lately handled in a heterodox direction by Spinoza. Bossuet's indignation and contempt against such speculations knew no bounds. He declared that to doubt that Moses wrote the Pentateuch was to destroy the foundation of his whole theory. "Les dates," he says, "font tout en cette matière," and he seems to have regarded all such criticism as a mere effort of wickedness, determined on destroying the Bible on account of the check which it lays upon human passion. The vehemence with which Bossuet undertook the defence of particular facts which he considered necessary to his creed was the weak side of his mind. He will allow nothing to be doubtful. Prophecy, in particular, he seems to have considered the strongest and clearest kind of evidence in his favour. He says, in relation to ful-

filled prophecies:—"Quatre ou cinq faits authentiques, et plus clairs que la lumière du soleil, font voir notre religion aussi ancienne que le monde." Even the primacy of St. Peter, and the fact that the Popes were his successors, cannot, he thinks, be doubted in good faith:—"J'avance hardiment ces faits, et même le dernier comme constant, parcequ'il ne peut jamais être contesté de bonne foi," &c. Over and over again he triumphs in the "faits positifs" on which his own creed stands, and challenges those who impugn it to produce the like. In a word, he is throughout triumphant, audacious, certain of his facts, and utterly contemptuous towards his antagonists.

Flushed with this triumphant establishment of his fundamental theories, he proceeds, in chapters which form a lasting title to fame, to describe the lay part of history. He describes, with wonderful vigour, and with a power of style which has probably never been surpassed, the manners, the laws, the institutions, and the national characteristics of the great nations of antiquity. Perhaps the most remarkable point in these chapters is their extreme generality. Bossuet hardly mentions individual men or isolated facts, except by way of allusion and illustration. He enters into hardly any details, but contents himself with a broad general outline, of which it would be difficult to find any other example at that period. On the great temporal Empires themselves which he passes in review he looks in a light different from, but kindred to, that in which he had viewed the Church. They were venerable for other causes, as the great divine machinery for the temporal government of the world, and as the principal theatres on which Divine Providence displayed itself. The heading of the first chapter of the lay part of the book is highly significant—"Les Révoltes des Empires sont réglées par la Providence et servent à humilier les Princes." All of them, however, were earthly and corruptible, and derived their importance from the degree in which they favoured or hindered the chief design of Providence and the one great divine institution—namely, the Church:—

Thus, when you see passing before your eyes, I do not say kings and emperors, but the great empires which made the universe tremble—when you see the earlier and later Assyrians, the Medes, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans present themselves before you in succession, and fall, so to say, one upon another—this dreadful crash makes you feel that there is nothing solid amongst men, and that inconstancy and agitation are the proper lot of human affairs.

The concluding words of the book are to the same effect:—

As you see them fall of themselves, whilst religion sustains itself by its own force, you will easily see where solid grandeur is, and where a man of sense will put his trust.

Certainly that conception of human history which sets before us one perfect and immutable society, infallible and incorruptible, in the midst of the wreck of all human institutions, is impressive in itself; but Bossuet makes it far more impressive by connecting it with an explanation of the principles by which these worldly and transient societies ought to be governed. The *Politique tirée de l'Écriture Sainte* forms a natural conclusion to the two other works noticed above. In form, it is a kind of cento of passages of the Bible, especially of the Old Testament, bearing more or less on political duties. In substance, it is a vindication of the highest doctrines of absolutism. The general object of human life is to love God, and to love men because they are made in the image of God. No man is a stranger to, or independent of, any other man, and hence men are associated together in nations and otherwise. Government is essential to civil society, and laws or express general rules are essential to constant and uniform government. Law is, in Bossuet's eyes, something divine and mysterious:—

Laws are founded on the first of all laws, that of nature—that is to say, right reason and natural equity. . . . Law is sacred and inviolable. . . . All those who have spoken well on the subject regard law in its origin as an agreement and solemn treaty by which men agree by the authority of princes on what is necessary to form their society. . . . This does not mean that the authority of laws depends on the consent and acquiescence of the people, but only that the prince, who also by his character has no other interest than that of the public, is assisted by the wisest minds of the nation and supported by the experience of past ages. . . . Law is considered to have a divine origin. The agreement spoken of has a double effect. It unites the people to God and also to each other. . . . There are fundamental laws which cannot be changed.

This general conception of law as something good in itself, beyond the power of those who make it, and specially authorized by God, naturally leads to a similar conception of authority in general. God is the true king. All governments, whatever may be their form, represent divine authority; but of all forms of government "monarchy is the most common, the most ancient, and the most natural." Hereditary monarchy is the best of monarchies, and hereditary monarchy from which women are excluded is the best of hereditary monarchies. Hence follows a conclusion, which to us reads like bathos, though Bossuet no doubt viewed it as a splendid climax:—"Thus France, where the succession is regulated by these principles, may boast of having the best possible political constitution, and the one most in conformity with that which God himself has established; which shows both the wisdom of our ancestors and the peculiar protection of God for this kingdom"; and also, we may add, the degree in which Bossuet can be considered as a trustworthy guide.

Royal authority thus established is sacred, for the king is God's agent. It is paternal, for the king is bound in conscience to promote the happiness of his people. But, on the other hand, it is absolute. No one can coerce the prince, let him do what he will. "The persons of kings are sacred, and to attack them is

sacrilege." Absolute government, however, is not arbitrary. The king is bound in conscience to obey the laws and to rule according to their prescriptions. Bossuet enlarges at length, and with great sagacity and good feeling, on the duties imposed on a good prince by his position, and on the means by which he may be guided so as to perform those duties aright; but whatever the practical value of this part of his work may have been to his pupil, its speculative interest is at present inconsiderable.

Such are the main propositions of these three remarkable works, and such the general view of human affairs and human life which they presented to a pupil whom his teacher not unnaturally believed to be destined to occupy the first place, after the Pope, amongst mankind. The incompleteness and unavoidable condensation of this sketch make it impossible to give any notion of the majesty and the massive vigour of style and thought with which these great lessons are taught. All the praise given to Bossuet's style is deserved. He must certainly be pronounced one of the most powerful of modern writers. It must, however, be admitted that his power of style and confidence of assertion greatly outrun his power of thought. Let us look for a moment at the chief results of Bossuet's system taken as a whole. They may be summed up thus:—

Reason is the distinctive quality of man, and it leads him to absolute truth—above all, to belief in God. History shows that, for the government of the human race, God has established a vast spiritual corporation as ancient as the world itself, infallible, incorruptible, and everlasting. He has also established many temporal governments with different institutions—that of France, which is an absolute monarchy regulated by law, being the most glorious and perfect. These governments between them prescribe to men their duties, and provide them with a sphere in which to discharge them.

This conception of life in general is like a landscape taken from one particular point of view. So long as you choose to stand still at that particular spot and look in one direction, things may appear to be of that particular shape. Move a few yards in one direction or another, turn your head on one side, and the whole scene is changed. To men trained in modern habits of thought, and accustomed to care for words only in so far as they represent things, the *Traité de la Connaissance de Dieu et de Soi-même* will seem to be an attempt to arrive at the knowledge of facts by juggling with words. The *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle* will appear to owe its unity to the fact that its author was altogether ignorant of modern science, and scornfully refused to notice even what he might have learnt from the criticism of his own day. And the *Politique tirée de l'Écriture Sainte* will wear the appearance of a collection of mottoes put together to illustrate preconceived opinions which never were true, and which the history of the last two centuries has utterly refuted. In short, to us this apotheosis of authority in Church and State, and in the very mind itself, is like a dissolving view. It shows us what sort of gorgeous palaces and cloud-capt towers a man of genius could suppose himself to see in human history two hundred years ago. Of the three books referred to, the *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle* is by far the most important. It was the first great attempt to separate the wheat of history from the chaff, and to convert it from a subject for pedants into the most practical and interesting of all intellectual studies. Voltaire's *Essai sur les Mœurs* is the book with which it is most natural to compare it. There are, of course, points on which Voltaire is greatly inferior to Bossuet, and there are matters in connexion with which his prejudices lead him quite as far wrong, though in a different direction. But if any one will carefully read Voltaire and Bossuet, and compare their general views with the subsequent discoveries of science and criticism, he will probably conclude that, with all his faults, Voltaire was on the right road and Bossuet on the wrong one—unless, indeed, all modern discoveries in criticism and physical science are mere delusions, and all modern improvements in law, in government, and in politics are changes for the worse, based on wrong principles.

A not less instructive lesson to be learnt from Bossuet is the change of tone which has come over the advocates of views analogous to his. Reason, Dr. Newman tells us, has been in fact—whatever it ought to have been by right—the enemy of religion. He goes to the very brink of the assertion that atheists have the best of the fundamental controversy of religion. With Bossuet, the truth of religion in general, and of his own view of it in particular, is so evident that it cannot be denied in good faith, and may be called the essence of reason. Talk as we may about reason and faith, no one really begins to depreciate reason till he suspects strongly that it means to give judgment against him. Every one gets as much of it on his own side as he possibly can.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOSEPH MAZZINI.*

THIS is the first volume of an edition of the *Life and Writings of Mazzini*, which is to form six volumes in all, three of which will contain abstracts of Mazzini's political writings, accompanied by an autobiography or biography explaining the occasions on which they were written, while the other three will contain a selection from his critical and literary works. The specimen we have now before us is not very satisfactory. It tells, in a confused rambling way, the story of Mazzini's life during the years

1831-3, and sets out some of the most important political documents, or an abstract of them, which he wrote during that period. There are no clear dates given, and no divisions into chapters or parts. Sometimes Mazzini appears himself to be writing the connecting history; sometimes, without any notice, the form is suddenly altered, and he is spoken of in the third person. Very few English readers, we should imagine, except those already attached to Mazzini by the ties of personal intimacy, will care to wade through six volumes prepared in this fashion. He is a man of whom it is quite worth while to read something. He has played a great part in the history of Europe during the last thirty years; he has theories which, right or wrong, have been proclaimed with the devotion of a lifetime; and he has impressed all who know him with the highest admiration of his personal character. But five other volumes like the first are too severe a task to repay the trouble of trying to understand what he did and what he aimed at. Nor is there anything in this volume to make us suppose that the general opinion entertained of him in England is likely to be altered by the bulky publication in which he is now offered to the study of Englishmen. Throughout this volume there shines the character of a high-minded, energetic, resolute man, true to his principles and his friends, believing himself set apart for the service of his country, and ready to sacrifice everything and to bear anything in order to fulfil his mission. But, at the same time, there is apparent throughout the character of a man utterly unable to understand those differing from himself, ignorant of the diversity and complexity of the political world, and accounting all divergence from himself and his views as the result of an innate baseness and blindness of mind. It is easy to see that such a man may have charmed and endeared those who did not presume to differ from him, and to whom daily intimacy gave an insight into his nobler and loftier qualities. It is also easy to see how such a man may have rendered Italy the greatest of services by imparting to the revolutionary element a higher and wider spirit than it had in the old days of the Carbonari. But it is equally easy to see why his voice is little listened to since Italy has been successful, and why the leading Italians think it much better he should write books in England than come to guide and rule in Italy.

The only clear political fact which we can gather from this hopeless jumble of dates, documents, figures, theories, and manifestoes, is that Mazzini joined in a Carbonari outbreak when quite a young man, found that it failed, speculated on the causes of its failure, and came to the conclusion that an Italian revolution, to be successful, must be got up in quite a different way, and by quite a different set of men. The Carbonari had, he conceived, no political principles. All they aimed at was rebellion, and all their machinery consisted in the formation of secret societies, with all kinds of oaths, mysteries, symbols, and hierarchies. The leaders were good men in their way, but of very narrow views, and merely plotting little local revolutions. Mazzini conceived the idea of appealing to a new generation on new principles. He invented Young Italy, with the programme of national unity in one great republic. It was to the conversion of the eager, the young, and the untried, of men to whom Carbonarism was unknown, that he directed his efforts, and what he taught them was to aspire to realize the great and glorious dream of a united Italy governed by the best and wisest of its citizens. He also invested his political project with a religious character, and, recoiling in horror from the materialism of the eighteenth century, he exhorted his disciples to look upon devotion to the cause of Young Italy as a sacred duty to God. He also thought that he had got hold of a new philosophical truth, which consisted in abandoning the "rights of man," as savouring of the promotion of the individual, and substituting for them the rights or duties of association. It was not the right of the individual that he contended for, but the right of a perfect society to exist. It is highly illustrative both of the man and of the period of Continental thought to which he belonged that, having got thus far, he proceeded to frame what he called a law of history. This law consisted in the purely arbitrary assumption that each nation in turn is called on to assert and work out some one philosophical truth or doctrine, and that no nation can work out two. France had worked out with great success the doctrine of the rights of the individual man, the emancipation of the private citizen from the fetters of feudal tyranny and feudal law, and the establishment of civic equality. But the days of this philosophical triumph were over. Something new in the history of the world was wanted, and the theory of a perfect society constituting itself as an instrument of the perfect man required to be developed and realized. But the law of history forbade France to satisfy this want, for France had already had its turn and embodied a philosophical truth. It was, therefore, hopeless for Italy, which required the establishment of the new doctrine, to look to France for help. Any connexion with France was to be deprecated, for it was the fate of France to be constantly upholding a truth that was worn out. And if, in deference to the law of history, France, under whatever government it may be, is to be avoided by Italians, much more is it to be avoided when under the government of a Bonaparte. For the first Napoleon was the typical Frenchman, the highest embodiment of the self-assertion of the individual, and the summit of contrast to the association of free citizens in a perfect system. It is, therefore, on the very highest ground, and in obedience to a first-rate law of history of his own discovery, that M. Mazzini has always been so bitterly opposed to that political alliance between Italy and "the Man of the

* *Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini*. Vol. I. Autobiographical and Political. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1864.

Second of December" to which the Italy of fact owes its existence and its duration.

Unquestionably the new form given to the Italian revolution by M. Mazzini did much to ennoble its character, prepared his countrymen for great events, and imbued them with those larger views which it is so difficult for the inhabitants of small States to conceive. At the same time, it must be remembered that the Italian revolution was by no means the work of Young Italy alone. It, like the English revolution of 1688, was the work, not only of revolutionary writers and thinkers, but of wealthy and respectable citizens, of trained diplomats, of regular disciplined troops. M. Mazzini has, as he says, unlimited faith in revolutions, and thinks that all these concurrent elements of success were perfectly unnecessary. Revolutions, in his opinion, are sure to succeed if they are rightly conducted and led by the right men. In face of the recent history of Poland, he considers that guerrilla bands can safely oppose such troops as those of Russia, and Austria. Directly, in fact, he speculates about anything away from his own province, he goes so far from real life and real experience that he ceases to be interesting. But in his own province—that of warming up the youth of Italy to something more than little local outbreaks, and of imbuing them with general principles of political duty—he was a remarkable, a successful, and a very valuable man. Perhaps he succeeded, not only through the intrinsic merits of his thoughts and writings, but on account of the very difficulties with which he had to contend. No one can doubt that he was a first-rate conspirator, full of ingenuity, resources, and boldness, and the effect of his manifestoes must have been greatly enhanced by the mysterious manner in which they came into the hands of their readers. The documents which he issued to explain what Young Italy meant, and was meant to do, seem to us wearisome, monotonous, and prolix in the extreme. But it is always necessary to repeat over and over again the same proposition in order to arrest the attention of an uneducated public, and the sympathizers with Young Italy probably thought that it would have been scarcely worth while to set in motion the elaborate machinery by which these documents were forwarded to their destination if they had been shorter and simpler. Most of them were written and printed at Marseilles; and, although the French police were most anxious to discover where Mazzini was, and to force him to desist from printing his opinions, they were unable to find him for a long time; and when they had found him, he managed to get a friend who resembled him sent out of France, while he himself walked quietly through a string of police officials, whom he deceived by disguising himself in the uniform of the National Guard. By the middle of 1833, a revolution after Mazzini's own pattern was sufficiently organized to make him hopeful of success, and a rising was to have taken place in Savoy as well as in Piedmont, and throughout North Italy. Mazzini and a number of his friends were to meet at Geneva, and head the Savoy outbreak; but soon everything began to go wrong. The plot was revealed to the Government of Piedmont, and the band that was to act in Savoy insisted on having as its leader General Ramorino, an Italian who had fought in Poland. This General baffled the movement by his dilatoriness, and, as Mazzini asserts, he had sold himself to the French Government. However, some sort of expedition along the banks of the Lake of Geneva did take place, and no one who reads the autobiographical account of it can doubt that Mazzini was among the foremost to urge on active movements, and to incur every peril and undergo every privation and fatigue. In later days he has been accused of sending his followers on fatal expeditions from which he has taken good care to keep aloof. But he has always treated these imputations on his courage with the utmost scorn, and has probably felt a proud satisfaction in knowing that no one acquainted with his early history would doubt for an instant his readiness to face danger.

The recent accusations made against him by the French Government, and the notoriety which was given to these accusations by the attack on Mr. Stanfeld in the House of Commons, will make many Englishmen more anxious to know how M. Mazzini in this volume speaks of assassination than to know anything else about him. The truth appears to be that he has always disapproved theoretically of assassination. He regards it as useless and as opposed to his principles, inasmuch as it gives prominence to individuals. It leads people into the fatal error of thinking that the history of nations depends on the course taken by this or that man. According to M. Mazzini, this is a palpable mistake, and any impartial reader would allow that, if a man is to be judged by the general principles to which he clings, there is an obvious inconsistency between the views of M. Mazzini and the assassination of a single man. He is equally explicit in disclaiming any theory of the lawfulness of putting to death those who prove false to secret societies or to associations like that of Young Italy. He leaves traitors to the shame of treason, and observes that to assassinate those who reveal the secrets of an association was one of the prevailing practices of the Carbonari from whose ways he was so anxious to separate himself. He also asks us to observe that no honest man can suffer himself to be guided by the assertions of such a Government as the French, and he refers with triumph to the case of an Italian who was killed by two of his countrymen while M. Mazzini was at Marseilles. The *Moniteur* inserted a paragraph saying that the deed had been instigated by M. Mazzini to avenge a treason to his association. Some time afterwards a French tribunal inquired into the facts, and held it to be clearly established that

the assassination had nothing to do with M. Mazzini. In the recent case, no one acquainted with the ways of the French police or the forms of French law attached any importance to the revelations of Greco or the assertions of the official prosecutor. But then there was the undeniable fact that on one occasion M. Mazzini had been privy to a plot to assassinate Charles Albert. He gives, or rather reprints, a full and candid account of the affair in this volume, and he owns that he was over-persuaded by Gallenga, who, he says, proposed to commit the murder. He at first strongly opposed the project, and showed its folly and uselessness. But Gallenga was so unalterable in his determination, and so fixed and terrible in his language, that M. Mazzini thought he was one of those inscrutable beings who are chosen by Heaven to deal out a signal vengeance. He was overawed, and assented. Such, at least, is his account; and it does not the less command itself to us as in all probability an accurate version of what took place because it exhibits M. Mazzini as combining high principles, absurd misconceptions, and a hearty love of a plot.

DENIS DONNE.*

THE patrons of the Turf are supposed to have learnt, from the victory of Blair Athol, that the policy of running a good horse for every prize open to him may be a great mistake; and that, if you have made up your mind that he has the winning of a Derby in him, the best plan is to keep him out of other engagements which may do something towards meeting the training bills and perhaps confer a little glory, but whose gains and glory alike are insignificant by the side of "the blue ribbon." It is a great pity that publishers cannot be taught the same lesson in their dealings with female novelists. As for a man, he will generally have his own way; but, to the other sex, the publisher no doubt stands in a different light, and young authoresses, at all events, would in all probability be fairly tractable. At present, they pursue a most mischievous course, and one that is ultimately as mortifying to themselves as it is disappointing to their readers. A writer no sooner makes a hit, than her publisher urges her on to renewed efforts, at the rate of about three novels a year; until at last the authoress, who might, with care and judgment, have won a Derby of fiction—or perhaps, in this case, we should say an Oaks—ends her career as what sporting men call "a regular Plater." From every possible point of view this is a mistake. The public have slovenly work foisted upon them, the writer wastes her talents, and even the publisher, in the long run, does not make as large profits as he might have done. *Mais il faut vivre*, the authoress may say. But there is no necessity just to earn a livelihood by writing third-rate novels, when, with pains and thought, she might make a fortune out of one or two first-rate novels. Mr. Austin, the eminent writer on jurisprudence, said that if the Government would give him two hundred a year for two years he would shut himself up in a garret, and at the end of that time would produce a more useful criminal code than could ever be devised by the best Commission in the world. Why do not novelists work in the same spirit? We are quite sure, without professing any knowledge of trade secrets, that it would be worth while for her publishers to make the terms with Miss Thomas which would have contented Mr. Austin, on the condition that she should not write more than one book during the next two years. From the lowest view, this reckless writing is an utter mistake. But we protest against the adoption of this point of view altogether. We are aware that artists and novelists of a certain stamp joke about "pot-boilers"—the name facetiously given to hasty, worthless pictures and books, mere daubs in ink or oils, composed for the simple and sole purpose of being sold under cover of a reputation. There is about as much humour in this sort of thing as in the joke of selling lacquered Brummagem chains for gold, or in any similar imposture. We have surely a right to ask that no novel shall be published on which the writer has not spent a reasonable amount of time and trouble—in which, in fact, he has not fairly tried to do his best; and it is something much worse than a joke to ask people to waste their money in buying, and their time in reading, two volumes written to order for ten pounds. Yet, according to her own confession, Miss Thomas received this sum for *Berlie Bray*, a thin story, of which we can only say that it is quite as good as the publisher had any right to expect for the money. As the authoress has cried "peccavi," and declared that she now sees the error of such ways, it is scarcely worth while to dwell on this particular instance, further than to remind her that a bad book is not to be laid to the fault of the publisher. If people write worthless stories for ten-pound notes, they have only themselves to thank for any harm which may ensue to their reputation in consequence.

It will be a just cause of regret if Miss Thomas's fatal facility of writing ends in consigning her to the limbo of third-rate novelists, who just succeed in securing a tolerably large audience, but whom nobody particularly admires or cares for. *Denis Donne* exhibits power and freshness enough to make one hope that in time the author will write a novel that may create a sensation in the better sense of the word. At present, her most prominent characteristic is a shamefully uncultivated cleverness. All that cleverness can do, without labour or thought or education, Miss Thomas manages to effect with extraordinary success. But all is

* *Denis Donne*. By the Author of "Sir Victor's Choice." 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1864.

spoiled by the haste and the want of quiet deliberation with which it is too obvious that she has worked. It reminds us of one of those suburban villas which from the outside look so bright and attractive, while a closer inspection betrays windows that do not fit in their sashes, floors whose planks are loose, inner walls of lath and plaster, and outer walls half a brick thick. Her male characters are strikingly feeble and ill-conceived. Denis Donne himself is the mere conventional guardsman of fiction, good-looking, well-bred, and tyrannically selfish. Why his name was given to the book, Miss Thomas only knows. He is certainly the least interesting person in it, except perhaps a weak-minded young nobleman who suffers himself to be married under the most extraordinary circumstances ever recorded in the annals of the peerage. The young nobleman happens unfortunately to be discovered in the act of making love to a married lady, by her husband, whereupon the lady, with laudable presence of mind, vows that Lord Allendale was only begging her to intercede for him with her handsome governess, of whom he was passionately enamoured. The weak peer listens to this with mingled surprise and fury, but is too much afraid of Mr. Donne's prowess to make any sign. So Mrs. Donne proceeds upstairs to intercede with the governess. Miss Conway enters into the necessities of the situation with the greatest alacrity, and, to Mrs. Donne's unspeakable dismay and mortification, persists in accepting the hand of her involuntary suitor. The scene that ensues is comic in the extreme. The two ladies "float with a sort of holy calm hovering about them into the drawing-room," where the anxious husband and the discomfited lord have been penned up:—

"Mrs. Donne has done as she promised, Lord Allendale," Fanny said gently. He could not help feeling that she was very pretty as she spoke, far too pretty for him to find it pleasant to be so humiliated in her eyes as he knew he must be soon. He little thought how she was going to humiliate herself in another instant.

"I am sure I am much obliged to Mrs. Donne," he stammered. Then Fanny fixed her full deep eyes firmly on his, and said,

"She has not interceded in vain; I am come to thank you for the honour you have done me, *and to accept it*."

She held her hand out to him as she spoke; there was nothing for him but to take it. She could have laughed had she dared, to see the impotent rage which he struggled to, and could not, hide from her. His whole spirit was palpably battling against being thus tricked, but he dared not speak because of Lyster Donne.

Of course a peer so foolish, a wife so ready, and a governess so intrepid, are not very often met with in real life, nor are the complication and its result probable, but the whole is possible enough to strike the reader as uncommonly ingenious and amusing. The authoress is much more successful in her women than with guardsmen and curates and landed proprietors. Dora Donne, the matron who thus reluctantly surrendered her lover, is elaborately drawn, and with a good deal of skill. Unfortunately, the character on which so much skill has been expended is one of the most odious and contemptible within the range of feminine nature. Mrs. Donne is the most unscrupulous kind of dirt. Her whole life is one long hunt after men who will fall in love with her. Any man who does not go down on his knees to her she instantly detests. She boasts of her own step-son's passion for her, and even tries to get up an *affaire* with a bishop. At the end of all, when Lyster Donne had been killed in a duel on her account, and she has run away with a Frenchman, we leave her in the desert trying to have a flirtation with a neologist curate under the shadow of the Pyramids. This wretched creature, in spite of the authoress's denial that she intended her to be so, is the heroine of the book, or at least she is the character both in whom the reader's interest most naturally centres and from whom most of the action springs. Still, disgust at Mrs. Donne does not blind us to the power of the writer who has represented her. Having determined to work out the story from a vicious dirt, Miss Thomas has not flinched in the execution of her design, and one can only be sorry that she did not choose a sounder base of operations. Miss Conway, too, is a well drawn but not very attractive character. Unlike Dora, she has a certain amount of goodness of heart, and a vague desire to live a virtuous or even high-minded life. But, like many others, she is even fonder of handsome dresses and pretty bonnets and good jewellery than of highmindedness, and so she marries the nobleman whom she despises and hates. She would have preferred a brilliant Frenchman, whose talk about ideas and principles had dazzled her, but he was poor, and instead of his wife she becomes his patroness. The reader is at first alarmed lest the patronizing should end in the criminality so indispensable in the modern novel; but most fortunately Lady Allendale persuades M. Goubaud to ride in a steeple-chase, and the luckless Gaul, after a narrow escape from breaking his neck, is mortally huffed. Eventually he goes into his uncle's wine-house at Lisbon, and his patroness, finally rescued from temptation, begins gradually to like her husband and to lead an unimpeachable life. The authoress is not, as we have said, particularly happy in the men whom she has introduced, but she has the merit of inventing a kind of curate who has not before, we believe, been recognised by novelists. Straws show the direction of the current, and an imaginary curate in a novel may show some of the signs of the times. We have had curates who delivered tracts, and preached "courses," and presided over Evangelical tea-parties; curates who were given to dalmatics, and chasubles, and daily services, and, lastly, curates who combined preaching the Gospel with thrashing gamekeepers and leaping-five-barred gates. But Miss Thomas has made a hero out of a "rationalist." What Mr. Brown's precise heresy was she does not inform us, but it was so serious, at all events,

that his conscience compelled him to give up the Church; and the authoress has judiciously provided him with a small private fortune, so that he is enabled to combine conscience with comfort, independence, and an income. He is always writing mysterious books upon the Bible, of which the leading reviews speak in the highest terms, and at last he goes to Palestine to satisfy himself on one or two troublesome points. Why he should go to the East, "to settle satisfactorily the relative merits of divers creeds," we cannot quite see. However, he returns full of new ideas and writes another book, which once more covers him with glory, and we leave him on the eve of marriage with a rich and pretty wife.

Miss Thomas is occasionally guilty of very slipshod or even bad grammar, but perhaps this is less objectionable than a tendency to use slang. Bad grammar may easily be cured, but a habit of spicing a book with such words as "levant," and "shady" (meaning doubtful), and "eventuate" is apt to become confirmed. There cannot be much harm done by the obvious blunder of such an expression as "finding out whom she was," but careless readers may learn to excuse talk about "circumstances that had eventuated from the baseness of others." Words of this sort should only be put in the mouths of funkeys. But no funkey would have been guilty of telling us of a lord's daughter, as Miss Thomas does, that "she would compel you to come and partake of a sumptuous and expensive dinner, during the mastication of which she would sharply reprove you for the wanton waste of imbibing a whole glass of stout—'at tuppence a glass, my dear, tuppence a glass, not that I grudge it, but that is the price—'and then soothe your ruffled feelings with a glass of champagne." Only a person who could use such hateful phrases as "masticating" one's dinner would suppose that a glass of champagne immediately after a glass of stout would soothe anybody's ruffled feelings. Notwithstanding this and some similar absurdities, if Miss Thomas will take the trouble to acquire a rather deeper knowledge both of the mysteries of the English language and of the ways of polite life, and will give herself a fair chance by refraining from writing for ten-pound notes, she can scarcely fail to take a foremost place in the school of fiction to which she belongs.

LANFREY'S ESSAYS.*

M. LANFREY belongs to a school of earnest and liberal writers who have for some time maintained the only genuine opposition to the Imperial system of government. Although at the outset all the most distinguished men in literature were vehemently opposed to the *coup d'état* and its author, it must be admitted, we fear, that the Court has succeeded in gaining some, and in silencing others, of its former opponents; not because there exists a strong conviction that Imperialism is either the best or the only possible form of government in France, but because the present order of things has acquired a certain stability, and because the Emperor has all the prestige of success. Fortunately, there still remain some men of sufficient independence of thought and character not to be dazzled by the vulgar splendour of the Imperial Court or to despair of the liberties of France. But the duties of an Opposition are very arduous, and involve considerable sacrifices. It is not easy to obtain a hearing without coming into collision with constituted authorities, and those who aspire to the restoration of political liberty have to encounter, not only the active opposition of the partisans of the existing system, but also the cynical apathy which seems to hang like a weight on the public opinion of France. There can be no question that the intense materialism of the Imperial policy has had a corrupting influence for which commercial prosperity and increased national wealth can never compensate. Nations, like individuals, have some better work to do in this world than to feed and grow fat. This conviction is deeply felt by many of the greatest minds in France, and from time to time we witness the outpouring of indignation at that terrible sacrifice of national morality which is the price paid by one of the greatest nations of the earth for the benefits of a Bonapartist dynasty. Too much honour cannot be given to those who have undertaken, at so great a disadvantage, the championship of truth and liberty; and though we may occasionally be tempted to differ from their reasoning or to question the soundness of their conclusions, we cannot without the tribute of admiration from persistent energy and unswerving honesty of purpose. In the history of nations there occur from time to time epochs of public depression and abject submissiveness most lamentable to witness, and infinitely dis honouring to those who yield to such influences. It is not too much to say that Imperialism has, for a dozen years, completely enchainied or intimidated the opinion of France. The greater credit is due therefore to the few isolated thinkers and writers who have had the courage not to despair of the destinies of their country, and who have dared to maintain their faith in political liberty, and to assert the claims of their countrymen to the enjoyment of the rights of free men, and their capacity to exercise them. It is but too often repeated, in this country, that France can only be governed by the sword, and the same evil doctrine has been sedulously inculcated by French writers of Imperialist views. But despotism always has its flatterers in the press, as well as in the *salons* or on the Stock-Exchange. It is hard to believe that

* *Études et Portraits Politiques.* Par P. Lanfrey. Paris: Charpentier. 1864.

the most cultivated nation on the Continent of Europe can only be treated alternately as a spoilt child or a wild beast. At all events, little value can be assigned to the judgments of those who have been accomplices in the destruction of the free institutions which they condemn.

In M. Lanfrey's Essays there is more of political than of literary criticism, and this of itself would be sufficient to give a unity to the volume before us which is not always found in reprints of articles written at various periods. An uncompromising devotion to the cause of liberty and a high regard for political morality pervade each essay, and give a completeness and a value to the collection far beyond the interest of the subject-matter or the undoubted literary ability with which it is treated. The subjects and characters selected for discussion in this volume furnish the author with an opportunity of explaining the causes which, in his opinion, have led to the failure of the different political experiments that have been made in France since the first Revolution. His own opinions probably incline rather towards Republicanism than any other form of government; but, unlike most French writers, he never loses sight of the real objects and aims of political organization from a blind reverence for particular forms. He condemns the Imperialism of the first Napoleon as freely as he does the system of M. Guizot, and, in his essay on the "Régime Parlementaire," he shows the causes which, in his opinion, weakened the monarchy of July and led to a revolution that had, in the first instance, no other provocation than the hollowness of the existing system, and no other object than to get rid of that system as quickly as possible. With the revolution of 1848, except in so far as it was the expression of the natural indignation of France, he has but little sympathy, and he seems to entertain no great respect for the self-appointed chiefs of it, or for the wild theorists whose violence and extravagance paved the way for the return of despotism. Perhaps the time has not yet arrived for history to record impartially the fall of the Orleans dynasty, but each year makes it less difficult to appreciate the causes of national dissatisfaction which had been at work from July 1830. To analyse those causes must be a painful task for a true Frenchman and a genuine friend of liberty; but it is only by a courageous examination of the faults and follies of the past that the French mind can be educated in political science and be rendered capable and worthy of the freedom to which it aspires.

The first essay in this collection is an elaborate criticism on M. Thiers's *History of the Consulate and the Empire*. Few books in modern times have had a greater share of popularity. But as success is not an infallible test of excellence, it may be worth while to examine the claims of a favourite historian to such unbounded admiration. It is true that, in France as in England, there have been found many who have protested against the popular verdict, but it may be safely asserted that the majority have carried the day. It is fortunately rare that, in historical or literary criticism, uninstructed public opinion prevails against the sober judgment of enlightened thinkers:—

The success of M. Thiers is [says M. Lanfrey] due to the rare and intimate connexion between the book and the average of intelligences at the time when it appeared. People are pleased to find in his pages their tastes, their passions, their own mode of looking at things, and often their own prejudices. The *History of the Consulate and the Empire* has been the most faithful, though not the most elevated, expression of the tendencies of our epoch. Our age has looked at this picture of the past with so much complacency that some of the objects portrayed in it have suddenly come to life again. This miracle has not been altogether the work of M. Thiers, but he has not stood in its way. His admiration for the past did not create that of his contemporaries, but at once outstripped it and interpreted it. He reasoned where they for the most part only felt vague instincts. Supported and inspired by him, he has done them the service of putting their aspirations into a precise and determined form.

If this be true, it is not surprising that, for the unreflecting reader, M. Thiers possesses great attractions. But if the spirit in which he writes and the judgments which he forms are considered, he will be found to be one of the most superficial of historians. Intense materialism is his habit of mind, and his highest morality is the worship of success. His passion is for war if it is successful, and there is no one of Napoleon's acts of spoliation which he does not defend. It is only when the Empire was falling to pieces that M. Thiers can detect any errors in the Imperial policy, and regrets that the system of the Consulate had not been persevered in. We believe that in that view M. Thiers is strictly original. It is well shown by M. Lanfrey that the Empire was perfectly consistent with the Consulate in principles as well as in practice. The policy of both was essentially one of conquest. The First Consul made himself President of the Cisalpine Republic; as soon as he became Emperor he made himself King of Italy. The two acts were exactly the same, and inspired by the same ambition, or, as M. Thiers says, by the same desire for the happiness of Italy. It was the same in the case of Switzerland, where the First Consul *exerce sa bienfaisante dictature*—that is to say, despatched an army there, and changed the institutions of the country according to his pleasure. The only difference was that, during the Consulate, his views were less extended because his means of carrying them out were more limited. When the Empire came, he attempted in a similar manner to promote the happiness of Spain, Prussia, Austria, and all Europe, and, in consequence, was overthrown in the midst of his benevolent projects. The dream, however, of M. Thiers is, that if Napoleon had restrained his ambition within prudent limits he might have remained master of the Continent. After this, M. Lanfrey very justly remarks:—

Before discussing the sublimity of this spectacle, it would be well to examine whether it is good and just that the Continent should have a master

at all. If, on the other hand, it is matter of demonstration that such a power, in whose hands, is incompatible with the free genius and the varied forms which make up the life, the grandeur, and the originality of modern civilization, then the whole fabric of this book falls to pieces, and the only chain which connects the different parts disappears altogether. Now there is no truth which is more completely established. Napoleon himself had described, before his historian did, the state of things which the realization of such a dream would have implied. If Europe (he said) had been conquered once for all, it might have been possible to devote oneself to the chimera of the beau ideal of civilization. Under that condition there would have been the best chance of introducing everywhere unity of codes, opinions, principles, sentiments, views, and interests.

The entire history of the modern world is a contradiction to this beau ideal. All the nations which have sacrificed to the fatal divinity of uniformity have been at once struck with torpor and paralysis. Rome adored it, and by her worship of it perished.

Unhappily, all Frenchmen are not so sensible as our author, and uneducated national feeling will, we fear, for some generations, look for its own glorification in the oppression and spoliation of neighbouring countries. It has been M. Thiers's office to do his best to caress and corrupt that exaggerated national sentiment by falsifying history and by the grossest perversion of morality. It is well, however, that the time has at length come when his authority as a teacher is boldly impugned, and the true character of his doctrines exposed.

The more exclusively political essays in this volume are those on Armand Carrel, and M. Guizot and the *Régime Parlementaire*. In the former, M. Lanfrey finds a congenial subject, and apparently leans to the opinion that, if Carrel had survived, France might have preserved her liberties. There was never a revolutionary leader of whom so much was hoped, who was so adored by his own party, and so respected by his adversaries; but at the time of his death the struggle between the popular and the Conservative parties was virtually at an end, and the system of Louis-Philippe firmly established. But, had Carrel been living in 1848, there would have been in the foremost rank of the Republicans a leader of spotless integrity, high purpose, and dauntless courage. It is well said of him, "Carrel est parmi nos publicistes ce qu'André Chénier est parmi nos poètes; une promesse plus belle que bien des gloires toutes faites. Il semblait être naturellement à la hauteur des rôles les plus élevés, et rien de grand n'eût étonné de lui."

It was not to be expected that a writer of the stamp of M. Lanfrey should be very favourable to M. Guizot and the system in which for so many years he held so important a place. The Orléanists have of late been severely judged, and by none more so than by Liberal writers, who ascribe to the fatal mistakes of Louis-Philippe and his Ministers the catastrophe which first created anarchy and then fastened a despotism on France. It is easy to be wise after the event, and to point to the dynastic tendencies of the Orleans family and the obstinate blindness of M. Guizot as the immediate causes of the revolution of 1848. But it should never be forgotten that, with all its faults, the reign of Louis-Philippe showed the highest form of political freedom ever attained in France, that upon the whole the Government was liberal and intelligent, and that no inconsiderable progress was made in the education of the people and the development of the country. But the system, though it might be most favourably compared with its predecessor and its successor, suffered from the inherent weakness of Parliamentary Government united with administrative centralization. Notwithstanding the freedom and publicity of debate, and the real ability of many of the deputies, the Government was everything in the country, and the Chamber nothing. The practice of secret voting further weakened the influence and authority of the Chamber because it exposed the deputies to suspicion. When the crash came, there was as little regret for the Parliament as there was for the fallen dynasty. As long as France is ruled by functionaries responsible only to the chiefs of their hierarchy, and not to the opinion and courts of the country, Parliamentary Government can never become a reality. The worst charge against M. Guizot is that he attempted to work with a manifestly imperfect system, and that he possessed neither the knowledge nor the courage to introduce the fundamental reforms which the opinion of the country demanded, and which might have saved Parliamentary institutions.

Hitherto, French statesmen of all shades of opinion have been upholders of this system of administration, as if they were afraid to trust themselves to the legitimate action of public opinion. Democrats and republicans have been as anxious as Orléanists or Imperialists to extend the power and duties of their subordinates all over France. M. Lanfrey is one of the few who are able to perceive that political liberty is unattainable as long as government by functionaries is permitted to exist. Reasonable liberty of individual action is the first condition of a free community. Unlike His Imperial Majesty, M. Lanfrey would desire to see liberty at the base instead of the summit of the political edifice.

THE CAIRNGORM MOUNTAINS.*

MOUNTAIN travelling has of late not only given birth to a literature of its own, but it appears to have entered into the substance of the national organization, and to have taken its place as one of the fixed and habitual objects of an Englishman's existence. As such it could hardly fail to partake of that practical business-like temper which characterizes the matter-of-fact

* *The Cairngorm Mountains.* By John Hill Burton. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1864.

Briton, and to be subjected by degrees to the same orderly and pragmatical round of rule and regulation which marks our school system, our household economy, and, for the matter of that, our very pleasures and diversions. The organization of a volunteer regiment or a cricket club has been applied to our practice of foreign travel, and our tourists seem compelled to subject themselves from the outset to a training as rigorous and a discipline as exacting as that of the champion of an international fight for the belt, or the pedestrian in a match of a thousand miles in a thousand hours. To the enforced labour of grinding up for many a weary hour page after page of "Murray," succeeds the humiliating tyranny of the guide, and the dreary treadmill-work up peak and glacier and across crevasse and moraine. The whole thing has become soulless and mechanical, and the reader must be getting insufferably bored with hearing in how fewer hours the Matterhorn or Wengern Alp has just been scaled by the Misses Smith than it was last season by Mr. Jones, or over how many dreary "cols" or "pics" Robinson and Brown have clambered, with nothing but Murray and their own cockney conceit for guides. To say that the tour is now, in anything like a respectable minority of cases, undertaken in the spirit of appreciating the beauty and grandeur of nature, or is attended with one iota of intellectual or moral advantage, would be to pass from the region of experience to that of paradox. Before the grinding conventionalism of the day, no scene that the officious pedantry of the guide has not yet invaded, no beauties lying too near home for the scope of a fortnight's tourist ticket, can retain a chance of attracting the steps of the common type of traveller, or are thought worthy of chronicle in the egotistic record of the cockney's summer holiday.

It is a real pleasure, therefore, to come across a tourist who spurns the vulgar restraints of fashion, and in his first bound sets himself free from the fetters of convention; whose freer soul turns to regions which the guide-compiler has not yet mapped out and tabulated, who can find and appreciate in home enterprises and native scenery a loveliness and a charm which have of late been attached to none but exotic marvels and far-off adventures. So pure and genuine a spirit of travel we rejoice to recognise in Mr. Burton's lively and picturesque little volume, the *Cairngorm Mountains*. The writer is one whose soul had fairly sickened under the dull and oppressive routine of travel under professional guidance. He complains pathetically how, after three days' experience of the system under the most favourable natural influences, among the spray of the great Staubbach, the ice-clefts of the Grindelwald glacier, and the rocky stair that leads down to Meyringen of the many fountains, all the visions conjured up by the intense sleep they left behind were crowded with dreams of the whole weary history of petty school persecutions, the recollections of school-life under a hard, pedantic, irritable pedagogue. This phenomenon had its efficient cause. Mr. Burton had, for the first time in a life of many rambles, put himself, with two hapless companions, under the jurisdiction and authority of a guide. It was the suffering of spirit endured throughout those three days of bondage that made him vow some day, when he should have leisure for the task, to lift up his testimony against the perpetuation or extension of such a system of voluntary slavery. He now proclaims himself the liberator of tourists. It is not alone in submission to the iron rule of the professional guide that the degradation of that unhappy class consists. It lies further in the "mapping out, in guide-books and otherwise, of certain routes which the tourist is to take, certain things which he is to see, and certain occurrences—generally arrant falsehoods—in which he is to believe." Having previously protested against a similar usurpation of authority as to the books which the collector should acquire and read, and the method in which he should read them, the author of the *Book Hunter* offers these fugitive pages, partly reprinted from a leading monthly serial, as an inducement to the reader to shake himself free from the yoke of guidance. We have thus a specimen of the kind of scenes a rambler may alight on if he "take his feet in his hands," as an old saying goes, and step out independently of the hackneyed line of tours. It must be needless to remark that, in his little record of Highland travel, Mr. Burton makes no pretension of emulating the detailed and methodical style of those technical guide-books which are his special aversion. He attempts no systematic summary of the routes, the topography, or the natural products of that range of hills which, from their aspect, have acquired the name of Cairngorm, the "Blue Mountain," and which are popularly known as the source of those pebbly lumps of smoky quartz that form about the sum-total of Scottish jewellery. The book, or article—for, in point of extent and style, it is little more—is the artless unstudied outburst of a mind full of sympathy with nature, and deeply patriotic in its preferences for native scenes and associations, revelling in its escape from the trammels of conventionalism, and venting itself in the language of instinct rather than of art.

One effect, perhaps, of his instinctive recoil from stereotyped or conventional usage is Mr. Burton's superior admiration for the lesser known Ben Muich Dhui over the established monarch of British mountains, Ben Nevis. In his stern independence of thought, he would almost appear to flout with disbelief the verdict generally pronounced by scientific no less than general opinion, and ratified by the calm sentence of the Ordnance Survey, which assigns to the latter a superior height by 110 feet. In point of wild beauty, and varied effects of colour and shade, he is doubtless correct in the expression of his taste. To Ben Nevis he pays the compliment of "doing justice to his manly civility

and good humour." He has found "many a crabbed little crag more difficult of approach," and, for his height, there is scarcely a mountain of which it is so easy to reach the top. He stands majestic and alone. Whereas Ben Muich Dhui, surrounded by his peers, forms a sort of chief or chairman of the Cairngorm range. He stands apart from the every-day world, in mysterious and gloomy grandeur. "The depth and remoteness of the solitude, the huge mural precipices, the deep chasms between the rocks, the waterfalls of unknown height, the hoary remains of the primeval forest, the fields of eternal snow, and the deep black lakes at the foot of the precipices," are full of associations of awe and grandeur such as no other scenery in Britain is capable of arousing. Such is the barrenness and desolation which have to be encountered on the route from Braemar, that little inducement to further progress appears to exist for the ordinary tourist. The author remembers, when inquisitive in his boyhood about this region, being told by a Highland gamekeeper who had not acquired the tourist slang, and, "like all Highlanders in a state of nature, considered a cultivated field, if there were one near him, the most interesting of objects," that it was a "fery fulgar place, and not fit for a young shentleman to go to at all." Without going to the climax of "vulgarity" which is to be found in the precipices and snows, there are the unmistakable signs of decreasing civilization as the pine-trees are thinned in number, the hills become less craggy and abrupt, and "the country in general assumes a bleak, bare, windy, bog-and-moor appearance that is apt to make one uncomfortable." Of the various routes of approach to his favourite mountain, whose name Mr. Burton is careful to render with closer propriety than the "Ben Mac Dhui" of the maps and guide-books, the most striking, in his opinion, is that right across the ridge of hills which bound the edge of the Dee. Though not precipitous, this bank is very high, certainly not less than a thousand feet. From the top, if the day be clear, the whole Cairngorm range is before the spectator on the other side of the valley, from summit to base, as Mont Blanc is to be seen from the Col de Balm, or the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp. From this bird's-eye view it is easy to understand that peculiar structure of the group which makes the valleys so much deeper and narrower, and the precipices so much higher and more abrupt, than those of any other of the Scottish mountains. There are here five summits springing from one root, and all more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The circumference of the whole is as that of one mountain, originally perhaps a huge wide rounded hill, Ben Muich Dhui being the highest part, and the whole smooth and gentle of ascent. But from some geological upheaval or jerk the mass has apparently been split from top to bottom, and shivered into manifold shapes and positions, showing chasms such as the splitting of masses of stone some two or three thousand feet thick may be imagined to produce. From this preliminary survey the traveller may descend into Glen Lui Beg, where the stream of the Lui forces a passage through the steep banks and joins the Dee a short distance below the Linn. All here is peace and softness, the water translucent, "a few weeping birches here and there, hanging their disconsolate tresses almost into the stream." A few strange mysterious round mounds of the smoothest turf and of the most regular oval or circular construction rise here and there from the flat floor of the valley. These are not, however, as the natural romance of the explorer would conceive them to be, the funereal records of some unknown ancient people, but simply geological deposits, the diluvium left by the recession of the waters. Some do indeed appear to have been subsequently used as tombs—a circumstance which has somewhat tended to confuse the settlement of the origin of these phenomena. A few miles up the glen we come to the foot of the Cairngorm of Derrie, or the lesser Cairngorm. Here the valley divides. The opening to the left, Glen Lui Beg, or "the Little," forms the shortest and best path to the summit of Ben Muich Dhui. The other to the right is Glen Derrie, one of the passes towards Loch Avon or A'an, and the basin of the Spey. The ancient forest here is wild and majestic, and in a more natural and primitive state than the neighbouring woods of Braemar. At the western end of Loch A'an is the famous Clach Dhian or "Stone of Shelter," an immense block of granite which seems to have fallen from a projecting rock above it, many hundred feet in height, the broad shoulder of Ben Muich Dhui. It has been found of appreciable service by many a mountain climber who, like our author, has been benighted or "bemisted" on his toilsome ascent to the seat of the "Queen of the Storm." On either hand, the craggy sides of Ben-y-Boud and Ben Bainac wall up the waters of the lake, and, yielding at seasons of unusual pressure to the stress of the waters, set free tumultuous and disastrous floods, such as in the year 1829 laid waste the pleasant tracts along the valley of the Dee. The effects of a Highland shower, which without warning overwhelms the startled traveller and swells the volume of loch and tarn, has never been more graphically described than in the words of Mr. Burton:—

Under a bright sun and a cloudless sky you suddenly catch something like a thud on the hat. Started, and looking upwards, some half-dozen tumblingfuls of water come splash on your face. There seems no cause for this, except that the hills seem to be covered with tinfoil, and the sun looks a little hazy, and seems to be leering at you—but this only for an instant, while you are at the edge of the cloud; suddenly all becomes dark as an eclipse, while the tumblingfuls rattle down in millions. After a couple of minutes the whole stops suddenly as with a jerk, or as if the grandmother of all buckets, as the Persians would say, had been emptied. When you come to your senses you see the cloud careering away like a black curtain, lifting

its skirts over mountain after mountain, and revealing them to the sun, while stretching over its back is a double rainbow—not hazy and translucent like common specimens, but all clear as if painted on a black board, though with colours so bright as to eat out any ever laid on by hand of man. On your own side everything glitters in the sun as if millions of diamonds had been strewed about, and over multifarious clattering brooks tiny irises caper away in all their finery like distracted fairies. From the steeped birches in the hollows, and the fields of bog-myrtle, the hot sun draws out and disperses a fragrance to which the odours of all the cosmetics of the perfumers' shops are what the Dutch call them—stinks. You have been as completely soothed as if you had been dipped under Foyers; but the sensation is worth paying for, and you may yet have refreshing recollections of it when traversing some shingly plutonic vine district or dry sandy plain of France or Germany.

Several pages of excellent practical counsel to tourists in general, and explorers of the Scottish Highlands in particular, form a kind of sequel to the narrative of the tour itself, and make the book, for its size and scope, one of the most complete as well as most lively and intelligent bits of reading that the lover of works of travel has seen for many a day.

THE PRINCESS OF THE THEATRE.*

A GERMAN novel which does not exceed three small volumes, and which deals with men and women, is something so strange that we are prejudiced from the first in its favour. And when, in addition, it contains lively dialogue, pointed remarks, descriptions which are neither forced nor tame, we are tempted to overlook a great many faults for such unusual merits. All this may be said of the *Princess of the Theatre*, a recent novel of Viennese life, and a work of such cleverness and vivacity that it has naturally provoked furious criticism from the orthodox admirers of tediousness and idealism. How much more noble, how much more worthy of the calling of a novelist, some of these gentlemen remark, is a fiction in twelve or more volumes on the Thirty Years' War, or the Enchanter of Rome! Of course we do not pretend to quarrel with this sort of taste. If people prefer twelve volumes to three, let them have their favourite quantity. But, for our own part, we have always found three volumes as much as we can digest, and when we look to the end before beginning—not from weak curiosity about the result of the story, but to count the number of pages—we are pleased to find 300 the utmost limit.

The novel of Herr Uhl shows a considerable knowledge of the general as well as the theatrical life of Vienna. His pictures of the materialism of the Austrian capital, the intense devotion of all classes to the theatre, with their indifference to all other kinds of intellectual enjoyment, justify his choice of a heroine and the incidents of her somewhat Hogarthian progress. Camilla Wolfthal, the princess who gives her name to the story, is a girl of Jewish birth, who begins life in a menagerie by showing a boa-constrictor. On our first introduction, we see her showing off her graceful figure in the dress of the circus, with the great serpent coiled round her body. Her beginning is typical of her character. Throughout the story she preserves a certain affinity to the reptile; the trail of the serpent winds through all her adventures. It is in this attitude she is seen by Prince Fahl-Fahl, a young nobleman, owner of a magnificent castle on the Rhine, a four-in-hand, blue eyes, black whiskers cut in the English fashion, a Newfoundland dog, and neither character nor memory. The Prince is struck with Camilla, gets her address from the master of the menagerie, and, finding that her ambition is to be an opera-singer, provides her with money and opportunities for studying. We see at once, and Herr Uhl does not attempt to conceal from us, what will follow. Camilla loves the Prince, the Prince is interested in Camilla; she leaves her mother's roof in Cologne, and takes up her quarters in a lodging the Prince has provided. All the time she is under the impression that Fahl intends to marry her, and never notices that he is gradually cooling. The crisis comes when she gets herself privately baptized, in order to remove what she thinks is the last obstacle to their marriage; the Prince at the same time is almost on the verge of ruin, and has to take refuge in the Austrian army. Camilla follows him to Pesth, finds him there, but loses him again, and after passing through one or two experiences of life which are more easily imagined than described, makes her *début* at the Viennese Opera in the character of Fidelio. We have seen her poor and suffering; she now goes through a series of conquests. She fascinates the young critic Conrad Heil, who is the male hero, or at least the male most approaching to a hero, in the story; she succeeds at the Opera and commands the directors; she telegraphs love messages to various counts and barons in the towns where she is going to "star;" she marries a rich banker in Vienna; and she revenges herself on Prince Fahl, Conrad Heil, and Conrad Heil's love, by marrying the first to the third, and showing the second that they are tired of each other before the honeymoon is over. Such is the outline of the story as regards the heroine; but it is a very bare outline, and needs filling in. We must do this by describing the separate scenes.

Camilla's heart has been set from the first on becoming a singer. But her mother is a poor widow who lives by baking pastry and selling it in the streets, and the sum demanded for Camilla's education can only be got by a year's service in the menagerie. At the end of the year everything has got dearer, and the music-teacher asks for half as much again. This is given by Prince Fahl, whom the mother is delighted to see in her house, and against whom she does not attempt to guard her daughter, though

she scolds and beats her when she yields herself to the Prince. The mother's room in which this part of the story takes place, and where Camilla returns in later years when travelling with the Vienna banker and on her way to Paris, is a thorough German interior. The great stove of painted tiles, which rises to the roof, and seems to divide the room into three parts—two cabinets and a reception-room—is Dutch in its fidelity, and the typical Scripture histories painted on the tiles are a further suggestion of Hogarth. There is Abraham offering up Isaac, the daughter of Herodias dancing, Judah passing the veiled woman on the road. Camilla's mother flies upon her when she hears that she has given herself up to the Prince, beats her furiously, and pushes her so that she falls with her head against the veiled woman; and the mother says, "Look there, that is what you have come to!" There is another telling scene in the Hungarian inn where Fahl has left Camilla. She is without money, without any means of leaving or paying her bill, and the host suggests that she should sing in the public room. The public room is so full of smoke that it is difficult to distinguish one face from another, but the wild, roaring society drinking there is at once struck with Camilla's beauty, has her lifted on a table to sing, and then crowds round her with questions that send the blood into her face. One man at length forces his way up to her, and wants to see if her foot is as pretty as her voice, on which she loses all self-command, and dashes her foot into his face. Camilla's *début* as Fidelio, at Vienna, is the turning-point of her career, and raises her suddenly from a mere chorus-singer to a *prima donna*. The petty persecutions to which she is subjected while dressing for the part have driven her almost wild. The dresser brings a lamp which goes out instantly, and makes an infernal smell. This is the doing of the first tragic singer. Another sends a letter and despatch, professing to come from the many Florestans of the truest of all Fidelios. The hair-dresser handles Camilla's hair in the roughest way and leaves it unfit to be seen. But with all these troubles Camilla does not lose heart. Her nervousness, her misery, the effects of her recent trials, the fear of a public which is set against her, all tend to make her appearance more in keeping with the part of Fidelio. In spite of her disagreeable notoriety, in spite of the jealousy of the other singers, in spite of the many *équivoques* occurring in the piece, and in spite of her character having been fully discussed at the *Café Daum* before the Performance, Camilla triumphs, and the skill with which the opera is woven into Herr Uhl's story entitles him to be called with her.

So long as we remain with Camilla herself we are thoroughly satisfied. The loves of Conrad Heil and Marie, and the way in which Marie is made to marry Prince Fahl, are not told so carefully. The scene at the masked ball in which Conrad delivers a long tirade against actresses, and the meeting between Conrad and Marie when the latter is being escorted home by the Prince, are dramatic enough, but the connecting links are too few, and the whole has an unaccountable, almost improbable, air. Herr Uhl himself is too much fascinated by Camilla; and the warmth with which he describes her kisses transcends the usual license of decorous fiction. "Camilla's lips were like two soft rolled-up leaves, which were washed in dew, and lay warm and fragrant on Conrad's mouth," &c. &c. At the same time, the feeling of her body was cold and still, as if she was really a snake-maiden, a second Geraldine, of whom she constantly reminds us. It is a further proof of the fascination she has exercised on Herr Uhl that he sacrifices his story to her. He makes it end shortly and unsatisfactorily for her sake. All the other characters end badly, or come to little. Conrad Heil is left alone; Fahl and Marie are unhappy; Heil's friend, whom we have every reason to like in the earlier parts of the story, and who is a man of ability and character, and has luxurious Viennese easy chairs and admirable Lafitte, becomes a momentary, asking his wife every five minutes how she feels. The director of the Viennese theatre, who was originally master of the menagerie, and rescued Camilla from what is delicately called an abyss, has his ears boxed by a lady singer and loses his post. An early admirer of Camilla's, who was a comrade of hers in the menagerie and afterwards goes on the stage, dies miserably. Camilla herself seems the only one who succeeds, as she marries the rich banker Müller just when her voice and charms are failing. She dies, that is the book leaves her, a princess of the theatre—a character which will not desert her in the *salons* of the wealthy banker.

Throughout the whole story there is a considerable flavour of Bohemianism, which is not out of place in the capital of the King of Bohemia. Most of the persons either belong to the theatre or leave their native spheres to frequent it. For instance, the banker Müller is very different from the London type, and would hardly be owned by many of his respectable *confrères*. That he haunts Camilla at Vienna, travels with her to Cologne, takes her to Paris, and afterwards marries her, is hardly so significant as the manner in which he passes a day at Cologne. A whole day at Cologne, what was he to do there, what could induce Camilla to wait there? If it were Baden-Baden or Paris now—but a whole day in Cologne! We begin to feel for the banker's misery, though we have spent days in Cologne ourselves, especially when we find him going to the door of the hotel and giving his usual Viennese whistle for his carriage. The whistle not being answered reminds him of his position, and in his despair he goes to the telegraphic office, and spends the day in telegraphing all round Europe. The obliging officials give him a room to himself, an arm-chair, and

* *Die Theater-prinzessin.* Roman. Von Friedrich Uhl. Vienna: Gerold's Sohn. 1864.

the day's papers. He takes a bundle of telegraphic forms and writes:—

Hotel —, Table 4, First floor, Vienna. Cologne with Camilla. She spends the day to gaze into the Rhine and her past. Perhaps studies for a new opera Loreley. I know what it means to be bored. Telegraphic play. How many at table? I bet five. Hundred Napoleons if more or less. Prater fine to-day? Pretty lady at the table? Paris to-morrow. Answer here, telegraph office.

MÜLLER.

In the same way he sends to his banking-house at Vienna for the rate of exchange, to a house at Paris for political news, to the Café Anglais in Paris for a dinner for two at a hundred francs a head the day after to-morrow. The answers come while he is reading the papers. From his Vienna house of business he hears that there is a panic at the Bourse; the Pope is said to be leaving Rome; while at the same time the Paris house tells him that the reports about the Pope are untrue, and he rushes himself to the telegraph window to order the Vienna house to buy. Soon after this comes the answer from Table 4 that the bet of a hundred Napoleons is lost, as there are six at dinner; but the stroke of business about the Pope has covered a multitude of such wagers. The idea of passing a dull day at a telegraphic office, and making money by it, is certainly clever, but there are many such descriptions in Herr Uhl's volumes. He sketches Prince Fahl-Fahl as one of those men whose dress and the cut of whose whiskers are exactly in the English form, but adopted with such emphasis that it is easy to see their wearer is not an Englishman. When Camilla is going to Paris, she tells her mother that every note in Paris brings in a Napoleon, and she already sees Meyerbeer coming to offer her the part of the Africaine. We are told that there is a way of speaking false, like singing false; that men intend to speak in a certain tone, but the throat closes itself up, and another tone proceeds from it; they speak love in the tone of hatred, they wish to whistle and they yelp, they want to kiss and they bite. And we have an amusing sketch of a ball at Vienna, "in one of those amphibious places in which you can live in the water as well as on land; which are swimming baths in summer and dancing halls in winter; which in summer have too little water, while in winter it pours copiously from the ceiling on the floor and the wreaths of the ladies; in which you are in danger of perishing of cold in summer and of heat in winter; and in which in summer you see the men—and in winter the women—in a state of nature." But the scene which is most characteristic of the life of Vienna is the following account of the ordeal through which all actresses have to pass—an account given by Conrad Heil to his friend Regenauer under the influence of his exquisite Lafitte, and in one of the delicious easy chairs which bear the name of Balzac, and for which Vienna is justly celebrated:—

At all events I will not play in the comedy of expectant actors, and throned, gracious, condescending critics. Have you seen this comedy, do you know it? When an actor gives up an engagement to go to another town, he asks every one of his acquaintances, "Don't you know any one in Vienna, any editor, any critic, any journalist?" If they say yes, then it is, "Oh, I beg you, give me a card, a letter, a word of recommendation to your friend!" Arrived in Vienna, the first question to the valet-de-place is, "Can you give me the address of this or that gentleman?" The valet-de-place, who has often heard the same question, replies, smiling, "Oh, you need not trouble yourself, the servant of the theatre has the list of all the people you want to visit. You belong to the theatre?" When a young *artiste* presents herself to the director, he asks at once if she has made her visits to the newspapers. If not, she is sent off at once; that is the first thing, the most important for her career. The poor girl, tired with her journey, overpowered by the effect of the great city, follows the servant, mounts the large green carriage of the theatre intended for the wardrobes of two actresses, and loses herself in the space like a snow-flake in the air. The carriage goes slowly round to the various newspaper offices, to the countless doctors of the world's wisdom, who are not doctors for the most part. The way leads through an office or ante-room which is not exactly impregnated with the scents of Arabia. The servant throws open a door, and, after a moment's hesitation, the young actress enters into a room full of tobacco-smoke, and a dozen faces staring at her, scarcely one of which she can distinguish. No one rises to greet her, no one speaks to her. She blushes purple, for in every look she reads "A new actress. Is she young? Is she pretty?" If she is not pretty, she is lost; no one takes any interest in her, and the writers do not waste another glance, but return to their valuable labours. If it is summer, she is lucky not to find all the writers in their shirt-sleeves. . . . In this way she goes round the twelve or fourteen newspaper offices.

If this is the school of princesses, we do not wonder that Herr Uhl is so severe a critic of the royalty of the theatre.

CAROLINE MATILDA.*

THE fact that *les absents ont toujours tort* never received a more striking confirmation than in the short and miserable existence of Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, and sister to George III. Leaving England at the age of fifteen as a bride, to share the throne of a young King reputed to be handsome, generous, and the idol of a patriotic people, life seemed to open before her with the brightest omens. Within six years she was ignominiously imprisoned and repudiated on the most frivolous charges, supported by ridiculously feeble evidence. Her own family virtually acknowledged her guilt by taking no steps to prove her innocence; the sluggish good-nature of George III. only interfered to save her life; and she finally died in Hanover, with a lasting blot upon her fair fame, in 1775, less than ten years after she had first left her home. The extraordinary supineness displayed by the English royal family is less surprising than the general absence of public curiosity, which might have been

* *Life and Times of Her Majesty Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark.*
By Sir Lascelles Wraxall, Bart. 3 vols. London. 1864.

expected to pounce eagerly on so fascinating a bit of scandal. Even the remarkable and dramatic career of Struensee, and his mysterious connexion with the Queen, failed to excite a lasting interest. The rise and fall of the ex-physician and *mairie du palais* has formed the basis of plots for operas, plays, and novels, but has never yet been subjected to a critical examination by the light of contemporary evidence, in a manner to warrant an impartial judgment on the merits of the case. It is, therefore, satisfactory to be enabled to obtain at least an approximation to the truth as regards this *cause célèbre*; and Sir Lascelles Wraxall furnishes abundant materials in three large octavo volumes. The book, as a whole, is a little too long, and rather dry; but the author has shown praiseworthy diligence in collecting and verifying the numerous pamphlets and memoirs of the time, and has thrown together a great mass of curious and hitherto unpublished information, derived partly from the privy archives at Copenhagen, partly from the journals and correspondence of Sir N. W. Wraxall, who played a considerable part in the intrigues carried on during the last year of the Queen's life. Written with these advantages, the book gives a faithful picture of the manners and customs of the Court of Denmark a hundred years ago. It is avowedly the work of an enthusiastic partisan, designed to vindicate the memory of a much-wronged woman, but there is no trace of unbecoming or unhistorical partiality. Facts damaging to the author's cause are never suppressed, though the conclusions deduced from them are perhaps not invariably judicious. There is also room for improvement in the general method of the narrative; and occasional repetitions throughout, coupled with a good deal of unnecessary prolixity in the last volume, are decidedly tiresome. Here, however, the *patria pietatis imago* disarms our wrath, and Sir Lascelles Wraxall may easily be pardoned for wishing to do honour to the memory of his ancestor.

With an honest though somewhat dull envoy at the Court of Copenhagen, it seems almost incredible that the English Ministry should have been so entirely ignorant of the real character of Christian VII., to whom they resolved, without hesitation, to entrust the happiness of an English princess. Even now, after the lapse of a century, it is with a mixture of contempt and pity that one reads of the babyish despotism and premature debauchery of a boy of seventeen. The naturally good abilities and ready wit which he possessed were soon darkened by a mental derangement, apparently congenital, which was fatally aggravated by the harsh treatment and brutal ignorance of his tutor Von Reventlow. This person scorned the refinement of a whipping-boy for the young prince, and his only idea seems to have been the application of brute force sufficient to break the spirit of the future King, and to reduce him to a state of unquestioning obedience. This tyranny, however, ended in 1766, on the death of Frederic V., and the consequent accession of the Crown Prince to the throne. He was now just seventeen years of age, and as unfit to rule as inexperience, ignorance, and caprice could make him. No trouble had ever been taken to give him the slightest training of any kind; indeed, up to the very day when he ascended the throne, he had not been allowed to spend a ducat of his own, and had never learned to control his own expenses. The time was critical for Denmark. The Government was frightfully embarrassed, and required a strong and practised hand to rescue it from hopeless confusion. During the last years of Frederic V. the foreign envoys had practically ruled the country, and contended openly for the prize of ascendancy, much as Prince Menschikoff and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe struggled for the lead at Constantinople:—

According as the representatives of foreign Courts had at their command more diplomatic brutality, finesse, or money, the power was in turn with the Russian or French envoy, at times with the English; and they guided or ordered the Ministers, and through them the King. How matters went on is seen from the fact that about 1,400 French adventurers, mostly of the lowest class, were appointed in the Danish civil and military service. When Frederic V. died, the country was in a state of ruin. The army and navy were neglected, the State debt was frightfully swollen, the taxing power of the country was exhausted, and the morals of the higher classes were utterly corrupted, while the lower orders were sullenly murmuring. Into this chaos of poverty, necessity, and discontent the youthful King was expected to introduce order, and hopes were entertained of him as the regenerator of Denmark.

Unfortunately, such an idea never occurred to the King himself. The time which should have been devoted to affairs of State was chiefly spent by him in the company of a negro boy and a favourite dog, called Gourmand, which was encouraged to annoy the old courtiers, who seem to have been admirably true to their national character as it appears in the person of Polonius. At one time, we hear of the King creeping behind his grandmother's chair and powdering her hair with sugar; at another, he sprinkles a cup of hot tea upon a young lady's face in the royal box at the Opera; and, according to Sir Lascelles Wraxall, none of his devoted subjects could resent such tricks "which had procured him a few happy moments." But, bad as these manners were, the royal morals were soon worse. A regular succession of favourites lost no time in showing the poor boy a little life, and soon made him an adept in the noble arts of beating watchmen, breaking windows, and diving into the most impure haunts of his own capital. These excesses caused considerable scandal, for the influence of the Court immorality did not extend far. The substantial burgher class was generally sedate, decorous, and somewhat puritanical; the respectability of the nation was outraged; murmurs began to be heard, and it was universally agreed that an early marriage was the only chance of winning the King back from his evil ways.

Thus it came to pass that Caroline Matilda became Queen of Denmark. It would perhaps have been extravagant to augur much happiness from such a marriage, but the most moderate anticipations were speedily disappointed. The King believed that it was not *du bon air* for a man to love his wife, and alone among his people remained absolutely dead to the grace and beauty of the young Queen. Decent neglect and decorous indifference was all she could win from her husband; who, surrounding her with attendants of notoriously infamous character, seemed not unwilling that she should imitate the example of his own unblushing infidelity. After the evident failure of the matrimonial panacea it was thought advisable that the King should see a little of foreign countries; but eight or nine months spent in cultivating the *demi-monde* of London, Paris, and the small German capitals had little tendency to improve his intellect, morals, or constitution; and Denmark had to regret the unprofitable expenditure of a quarter of a million. The one noticeable point in this journey is that it was the means of bringing forward a man who was destined to exert no ordinary influence on the Court of Copenhagen, and to become for the next two years virtual master of Denmark.

John Frederic Struensee, the son of a Lutheran clergyman at Halle, and a man of considerable vigour and ability, joined the royal suite as court physician at Altona, and immediately became the central figure in the petty intrigues which took the place of government at Copenhagen. Of his ready wit and fascinating manners there can be no question, since these alone enabled him to overcome the obstacles of his birth, and, within a few months, to skip lightly up the steps of promotion to the dignity of a Count and the authority of an irresponsible Cabinet Minister. His administrative ability and untiring energy in the despatch of business were equally conspicuous, but his mind was deficient in the comprehensive grasp necessary for a systematic reformer; and the disgraceful pusillanimity which hastened his fall marred many of his best plans, and revealed the selfish shallowness of his nature. The ostentatious liberalism of his administration and his overpraised attempts at reform are just what one would expect from a superficially clever German, brimful of Rousseau and Voltaire, and thrown by accident into a country where feudal barbarities were still thinly covered by a clumsy imitation of French artificiality and refinement. Still, it is impossible to deny that much of his policy was enlightened and vigorous. The powers of the Crown were consolidated and strengthened in a manner unknown since the settlement of the monarchy in 1660, and the criminal jurisdiction of the great landed proprietors received an effectual check such as had never been given to it by the intervention of the old "Royal Bailiffs." The abolition of the censorship of the press was apparently a measure for which the Danish mind was hardly ripe, and it was soon found necessary to qualify the concession. Still more damaging to Struensee was the pious horror excited by his un-puritanical legislation concerning adultery, fornications, and illegitimate children in general, which was very unfairly criticised with reference to the notorious irregularity of his own private life. Two other innovations, which at the time excited a perfect burst of indignation, seem to have been honestly designed for the public service. The first was the concentration into one board of the various "Colleges" which had been accustomed to muddle away the scanty finances of the country. The second provided for the abolition of a number of utterly undeserved pensions, and the suppression of a host of well-paid sinecures. Unfortunately most of these reforms were nipped in the bud by the fall of Struensee, and meanwhile the extravagant prodigality of the Court neutralized all attempts at retrenchment.

By this time it was considered unnecessary to go through even the form of obtaining the royal consent to the measures of the Government. The King was allowed to amuse himself and to spend as much money as he pleased, while the Cabinet Minister, on his own authority, and in direct defiance of the *lex regia*, issued a number of decrees which practically subverted the whole Constitution of the country. By this extravagant usurpation every party in the State was for the moment consolidated into one compact and resolute Opposition. All that was respectable and patriotic stood side by side with the lowest hangers-on of the Court. The clergy denounced Struensee in the pulpit, the guards and sailors mutinied, and brought the great Minister to his knees, while even the upright and charitable Reverdil openly condemned the folly of his conduct. The Opposition, if it deserves the name, were not long in finding a leader. The Queen Dowager, Juliana Maria of Wolfenbüttel, eagerly joined a plot which promised to effect the ruin of a Minister who had slighted her and of a daughter-in-law whom she hated. A cry was artfully raised that the King was dishonoured, and that the sudden elevation of Struensee was entirely due to the guilty passion which the Queen entertained for him. During the latter part of the year 1771 this scandal was eagerly caught up and spread by a host of enemies to whom the favourite was odious alike as a reformer and as a German, and who believed anything of a man who was known to have enriched himself on the spoil of a hundred families. In a short time the conspirators acquired confidence for a *coup d'état*, and on the night of January 17, 1772, the Queen Caroline Matilda and Struensee were arrested in their beds, with every circumstance of indignity and cruelty.

Their fate was hastened by the infamous cowardice of Struensee, who vainly hoped to purchase his own safety by a ready avowal of his guilt. Caroline Matilda immediately made a similar confession, which, assuming her innocence, is altogether inexplicable. The evidence brought forward by her biographer seems to indicate that

her conduct was prompted by a desire to save the life of her favourite, but how she can have formed such an expectation is quite incomprehensible. None of the testimony given against her on the mock trial which followed, mostly by prejudiced or corrupt witnesses, was in the slightest degree conclusive, and at best could only lead, before an honest jury, to a verdict of "not proven." The conduct of the Queen as a mother had always been most exemplary; and the occasional levity and indiscretion of her conduct in society, her unbecoming appearance in man's dress, and her undue familiarity with Struensee, were in part actually prompted by her imbecile husband, and were partly the effect of a natural reaction from his brutality. Still, however, as usual, the scandal was not entirely without foundation; and if the conduct of her persecutors had been less outrageous, and one could consider the case purely on its own merits, it might be admitted that her sufferings were not altogether undeserved.

The tedious details of the trial and execution of Struensee and his friends are simply disgusting, and scarcely worth reporting at length. Still less noticeable are the petty intrigues carried on for the restoration of the Queen between Celle, Copenhagen, and London, which were perhaps fortunately terminated by her premature death. The career of Struensee furnishes incidentally many striking illustrations of the strong national feeling and anti-German sentiments of the Danes of a hundred years ago. The political difficulties connected with the Duchies, and the various plans formerly devised for their evasion, also appear very prominently; and the casual notices scattered through the volumes of Sir Lascelles Wraxall might well be grouped systematically, and add a dull but useful chapter to a very uninteresting subject.

SIGHT AND TOUCH.*

THE direction which philosophical inquiry has been taking for some years past in Germany is being gradually impressed upon its movement in this country. Forsaking the easy *a priori* method of a synthetical construction of the elements of consciousness out of logical conceptions, philosophy is now lending itself to the laborious task of physical observation. The old psychology is, indeed, still taught from the academical chairs, but all the more advanced thinkers have abandoned the barren method of Sir W. Hamilton for that of experiment. Mr. Bain's *Senses and Intellect*, in its second edition, will tend powerfully to enforce the experimental method. Mr. Abbott's essay, *Sight and Touch*, is a most important contribution to the scientific treatment of the human mind. The form in which he has chosen to put his views forward—the controversial—is perhaps unfortunate. There is always something fugitive about polemical discussion; it loses its interest when the book or theory refuted is forgotten. The solid amount of fact and observation which Mr. Abbott has here brought together deserved to be committed to a more permanent vehicle.

Sight and Touch is nothing less than an exhaustive inquiry into the physiological and optical antecedents of visual perception. The spirit in which the inquiry is conducted is (the polemic excepted), entirely philosophical. A thorough master of the optical and mechanical principles involved, Mr. Abbott has added diligent research into all the most recently-recorded results, and does not allow a single monograph in a German periodical to escape him. That he has established his point we do not wish to affirm. As Mr. Abbott's conclusion upsets the received tenet of psychology on vision, we may be allowed to reserve our opinion on the correctness of that conclusion for more mature consideration. We may, however, admit that his reasonings appear to us to claim very serious attention. And, whether Mr. Abbott shall be decided to be right or wrong in his theory, no one who reads his essay will deny that he has the fullest right to be heard upon the subject.

The theory of vision, which is, we believe, the received theory of psychology, may be stated, sufficiently for the present occasion, as follows. When the eye is opened upon a wide prospect filled with objects animate and inanimate, in motion and at rest, of various magnitudes, and at various distances from each other and from the beholder, a vast variety of information is conveyed instantaneously to the mind. The whole of this information is given in the visual perception, and must be ascribed immediately to the eye. But only immediately. When we reflect further on the origin of the knowledge thus apparently given by sight, it becomes clear to us that large portions of the total are the result of intelligent inference from previous experience. That that white object is a sheep, and not a dog; that that dark object is a tree, and not a man; that that cloud is moving, and not stationary—these are all mental inferences from the given visual impression, in which are not contained the thought of a sheep, or a tree, or of motion. But psychology has carried the analysis of the total picture still further. It has established, hitherto to its own satisfaction, that, of the whole of what we seem to see, only a very small part indeed is actually perceived in vision. All the rest it has traced, or flattered itself that it has traced, to mental inference from prior experiences. And, in particular, the whole notion denoted by the terms extension, interval, distance, space, magnitude, is referred by the received psychology to experience derived through other organs than the eye. At this point philosophers differ. For though they are unanimous in holding that the modes of space—or some of them—are not objects of sight, there is considerable

* *Sight and Touch: an Attempt to Disprove the received (or Berkeleyan) Theory of Vision.* By Thomas R. Abbott, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin. Illustrated with Woodcuts. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

difference of opinion as to the source to which we owe all such knowledge. It is one of the least satisfactory parts of Mr. Abbott's essay that he has directed his arguments against the rude and imperfect statements of Berkeley, who referred all such knowledge to the sense of touch. It is more usual for metaphysicians now to refer our notion of extended magnitude in space to a complex experience derived through sensations of sight and touch, combined with felt motive energies. A feeling of self-extendedness at rest is an element of our very earliest self-consciousness. This indeterminate feeling arrives at determinateness through the motions of our own body. In the perception of ourselves we first become aware of separateness and of extension; and from this we go on, as we cannot help doing, to communicate this attribute to all which we distinguish from ourselves. Not only in the perceptions of sight and feeling, but in the representations of imagination and thought, the external world is exhibited as extended in space.

This is, allowing for imperfections of statement, the received doctrine of the perception of extension. It is against this doctrine that Mr. Abbott directs his argument. He undertakes to show, first, that neither touch nor locomotion can, singly or combined, enable us to perceive objects as extended in space; secondly, that touch and locomotion, in combination with seeing, do not so enable us; lastly, that sight alone enables us to perceive objects as extended.

First, touch can give us no idea of place. Each tactile unit must be considered a distinct organ. Consequently, any number of tactile sensations received simultaneously imply the idea of extension as the condition of their distinction (an important concession!), but do not suggest either place or distance. Muscular motion cannot supply the deficiency of touch, for motion cannot be conceived without space. Therefore, unless the sensations are such as to involve that idea, it cannot be perceived as motion, unless the idea of space is already developed. But the sensations of muscular motion are nothing more than those of contraction of muscle.

Secondly, the association of visual and tactile sensations cannot give us distance. Sensations of sight are very rarely associated with those of touch. But the theory requires that this association should be natural and habitual. According to the known law of association of ideas, each tends to suggest the other in proportion to the exclusiveness of the association. Now, as we see many thousand objects for one that we touch, ideas of touch ought, if there be association, to suggest ideas of sight, which is manifestly not the case. Between the measure of distance by motion and the sight of the object as distant, it is impossible that any association can take place. For the ideas to be associated can in no case co-exist, and no association can take place between the remembered sight and the actual muscular sensation. Whenever ideas of distance or extension are reproduced in the memory or imagination, they are recollected as objects of vision, and must therefore have been originally such.

This is a greatly abridged sketch of Mr. Abbott's arguments against the received theory, after retrenching several which appear to us fallacious. We pass on to Mr. Abbott's positive doctrine, that sight is properly perceptive of distance, and that sight, without assistance from any other sense, sees objects as extended. That extension is given by sight is demonstrable. For diversity of colour on a plane surface supposes a bounding line, i.e. figure. And the physical construction of the organ of sight necessitates our perceiving objects as in superficial extension. For in the organ of sight, as in that of touch, each sensitive unit must be regarded as a distinct organ. But while, in touch, the impression of co-existent objects gives no impression of the interval between them, in sight, on the contrary, we are compelled to see the interval between any two points by the fact of our seeing those points. So much for superficial extension as given by sight. But sight, Mr. Abbott maintains, gives us, directly and unaided, the third dimension of solid bodies. This is the most original page in his book, and the kernel of the whole speculation. As we are not sure that we rightly apprehend the author's meaning here, we will follow his own statement as closely as is consistent with brevity.

Two objects placed in the same line of sight, one behind the other, may be brought to appear, one at the right or the left of the other, by a motion of the eye; the change of apparent position being wholly dependent on our will. Now the mind cannot conceive these two objects as occupying the same place, because, by a movement which we can will, we can see them apart. Nor can they be conceived as situated beside one another in the same plane, because by reversing the movement we can pass one behind the other, which we cannot do with objects seen projected on the same plane. The possibility of perceiving them at all as coexisting implies therefore, as a condition, the perception of distance. Besides this lateral motion of the eye, when we look from a near object to one further off, the ocular adjustment is accompanied with an involuntary motion of the motor muscle. This action of adjustment is a "reflex action," like the contraction of the pupil in a strong light. The action is determined exclusively by a visual sensation. We are not, indeed, in a position to state precisely what are the sensitive impressions which correspond to the degrees of the perception, since even the intimate structure of the eye is only beginning to be known with any degree of exactness. It is sufficient that the effect of which they are the occasion—the involuntary motion of the muscle—has an invariable relation to the distance of the object. Whatever the nature of the unknown sensation of distance, it is shown

to be distinct from the visual sensation on which the perception of superficial extension depends, by being the occasion of an entirely distinct and peculiar set of muscular motions. Mr. Abbott examines all the recorded cases of persons born blind who have recovered sight, of infants, and of the lower animals. He finds all the facts consistent with his conclusion that distance is a dimension, the empirical apprehension of which is immediately performed by sight, without the aid of inference or suggestion from any other sense.

We have thought it more respectful to Mr. Abbott to offer an account of his arguments than to engage in a hasty attempt to test their value. If we have not represented any of them rightly, we must plead in excuse a certain want of clearness in his own statements which is common to him with nearly all modern writers on philosophical subjects. In Mr. Abbott this indistinctness does not proceed either from confusion of thought or want of language. He has evidently thought out his subject, and his expression has the accuracy of science. It is the Englishman's weakness—the want of logical arrangement. The style is not illogical, but it is desultory. His mind is so full of the facts and bearings of his subject that it is a matter of accidental association which part shall be first discharged—we had almost written disengaged—upon the paper. The details are well finished, but the linear perspective is bad. The philosophical style which shall combine German fulness of terminology with French proportion of synthetical arrangement has yet to be introduced into the English language.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SPIRITS.*

MR. TOVEY'S account of *British and Foreign Spirits* can hardly be said to accomplish any very distinct object, or to meet any very imperative demand. He has told us a great deal about distillation, spirits, cordials, and cognate matters. He has clearly spared no pains to render his manual an accurate and trustworthy one. He has received a great number of communications from home and foreign sources; he has read through a quantity of Parliamentary returns, and made a great many original calculations. He has been practically interested in his subject from very early boyhood, and his experience has undergone the mellowing influence of age. There is every inducement, therefore, to make us welcome the book, apart from the one consideration that it was not particularly wanted. The painstaking and praiseworthy author has indeed suggested what he evidently regards as a very conclusive *raison d'être* for his book. It may, he thinks, "add much to the general store of knowledge." Has it never occurred to him that books of this kind—books of condensed statement, and of fourth or fifth hand compilation in certain portions—may be quite as likely to add to the general store of ignorance? He talks to us of distilling. We will answer for it that no one will acquire much profitable knowledge of distilling from the brief space which he is able to allot to the description of it; and we may add that no one is very likely to acquire much profitable knowledge of any practical subject without going through practical experience in the subject-matter. He tells us of the oppressive dealings of the Excise. But we remember that he has himself been connected with "one of the largest distilling firms in the country," and is, therefore, not altogether an unbiased witness. Finally, he discourses to us—but not with that authority which he carries when the question is of Worts, and Washes, and Low Wines—of derivations. And we perceive that he is no scholar; for hydrometer is not derived "from *vitis*, *water*, and *per pov*, a measure."

But yet his book is full of amusement and of a certain sort of information. It is hard to have to say that the best parts of it are his extracts, his figures, and his receipts for Punch-making. We will give some examples of the details furnished by Mr. Tovey, still reserving the opinion that such details, unsupported or uncorrected by much mere information than the book itself affords, are more surely calculated to promote ignorance than knowledge.

It will no doubt surprise many readers to learn that in England there are no more than ten distillers. The rapid decrease in the numbers of the trade during a quarter of a century is very striking:—

In 1827, the number of distillers was, in England, 11; in Scotland, 246; in Ireland, 82; total, 339. But in 1862, the numbers were, in England, 10; in Scotland, 119; in Ireland, 27; total, 156. The number of distillers has thus decreased by much more than a half; and the decrease has been proportionately greatest in Ireland, where two-thirds of the distillers appear to have become extinct, and absolutely greatest in Scotland, where 127 distillers have gone out of the trade. Up to 1853, when the series of additions to the Scotch and Irish spirit duties began, the decrease in the number of distillers had been very considerable, though slow in comparison with the period following, the number, which had been 339 in 1827, having fallen to 210 in 1862, being a good deal more than a third.

On the other hand, the size of the great distilleries is enormous. Some of Coffee's stills at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other places, work off two thousand gallons of wash per hour, and one upwards of three thousand. There are several of equal magnitude, and it is stated that those now at work, or in course of building, can distil half a million gallons of wash per day, yielding from eleven to twelve per cent. of proof spirit.

* *British and Foreign Spirits; their History, Manufacture, Properties, &c.*
By Charles Tovey, Author of "Wine and Wine Countries;" "Alcohol versus Teetotalism," &c. &c. London: Whittaker & Co. 1864.

Gin, as everybody knows, is an abbreviation of Geneva :—

Alernis vicibus fumos haeritque, bibitque;
Quam dat arundo situm, grata *Geneva* levat.

Whisky is a corruption of the Gaelic *uisge* (water), which appears almost unchanged in the Irish *usquebaugh* (water of life). Brandy is the German *Brand-wein*—*vinum adustum*—burnt wine. Rum, which is in Spanish *Rom*, and in Portuguese *Ron*, may possibly be from *aroma*, as it has the strongest odour of all spirits that are used as a beverage. Of Punch, Mr. Tovey quotes what must be received *cum multis granis* :—

For the following derivation of the term Punch, we are indebted to a letter in our venerable help the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of 1784 :—

The following account of the origin of the word Punch is in Dr. John Fryer's Travels to the East Indies, p. 157.—Query? Is it a true one, or whether your correspondents can assign a better? At Nerul (near Goa) is made the best *Arrack* or *Neper die Goa*, with which the English on the coast make that invigorating liquor called Paunch (which is Indoostan for *five*), from five ingredients; as the physicians name this composition *diapente*, or from four things *diatesseron*.

Aqua vite, as it would seem, ought properly to have been *aqua vitæ*, as the vinous product of the still was early known under the name of *Acqua Vite* or *Acqua de Vite*, the grape being a material from which a spirit was originally extracted in Spain or Italy. Monastic Latin would soon convert *acqua vite* into *aqua vitæ*, particularly when the vivifying properties of the spirit became known; and, as Latin long continued to be the medium of scientific communication, as well as of familiar correspondence, this rendering was perpetuated. If "punch" is to be referred to an Eastern derivation, it is not the only bilious term so derived, if we are to accept the following account of the word "toddy," quoted from Crawford by Mr. Tovey:—"Toddy, the term for a mixture of spirits and water, appears to be taken from the Indian word *tari* or *tadi*, pronounced *toddy* by Europeans, the sap or wine of a palm." Grog obtained its name thus:—A certain captain, finding great mischief arise from serving out rum to his crew, ordered it to be mixed with a settled proportion of water. The captain, who wore generally upon the quarter-deck a Grogram coat, was nicknamed by the crew *Old Grogram*; and eventually the sailors called his diluted rum *grog*, from which name it became generally known. As for XXX., Mr. Tovey thinks that X was anciently used as the symbol of purity or perfection, and that the name "strong waters," which was given to gin on its first introduction, was abbreviated into "X Waters"; as the vats in which British plain spirits are stored are marked PS by the Excise, while the symbol X is used for the same spirit rectified, which is called British Compounds, and made into gin.

The author of *British and Foreign Spirits* lately made a visit to the Cognac district. The following details are interesting:—

More than 2,000,000 hectolitres of wine are annually devoted in Annis, Saintonge, and Angoumois, to the distillation of brandy, producing from 400,000 to 500,000 hectolitres, amounting in value to 40,000,000 or 50,000,000 francs. These figures show in what lies the importance of this region, which, in this respect, is unrivalled by the south of France.

Of the 200,000 hectares of vineyard in the Charente and Charente Inférieure, only one-third is cultivated for home consumption or exportation; the remaining two-thirds are employed in the making of brandy. Of this there are two classes: that which is produced in the plain of Champagne, in the arrondissement of Cognac, of which there are again distinct qualities, Champagne fine and common, Champagne de Bois (wood Champagne), and Eau de Vie de Bois; and that of Annis, produced from the vines on the banks of the river.

The time for the manufacture into brandy depends upon the vintage. The grape gathering seldom begins before the 15th of September, and continues from that time to the 15th of October, according as the season is more or less favourable to the maturity of the grape. If the weather is fine, the gathering seldom occupies more than three weeks, but when unfavourable it may extend beyond four weeks.

Brandy is made from a variety of other sources beside the grape. The Jews in Morocco distil it from raisins, pears, figs, and dates. Even when thus manufactured, it is said to preserve them from the terrible infliction of elephantiasis. The Barbary natives make brandy from honey. In Persia it is made from the lees of wine, in America from peaches; and this is said, when matured by age, to be one of the most exquisite spirits in the world; fifteen bushels of peaches yield about six gallons of brandy. Beetroot, potatoes, potato-apples, sloes, and cider are also enumerated among the sources from which brandy is distilled. The last and not least extraordinary element remains to be mentioned. A large species of black *ant* is said to be freely employed in the Swedish distilleries. It affords in distillation a resin, an oil, and an acid, and is employed with rye to give flavour and potency to brandy. It is commonly said in Sweden that these insects, which are found in small round hills at the bottom of fir-trees, are not only distilled but eaten by all classes:—

As soon as they are caught the heads and wings are nipped off and the body eaten; the flavour is that of the finest acid, and resembles that of lemons. Chemists have tried the distilling of ants, and have obtained an acid-like vinegar, the properties and attractions of which are not further described.

The hectare equals all but two acres two rods, and the hectolitre twenty-two English gallons. In good average years the hectare of vines in the Charente and Charente Inférieure yields from forty to fifty hectolitres of wine, but when the vintage is abundant it produces from sixty to seventy hectolitres. The average quantity of wine required to produce one hectolitre of brandy at proof is eight hectolitres, that is, when the wine is of good quality. The wine seldom bears fruit

before it is four or five years old; it is most vigorous from the age of fifteen to thirty years; but a great many vines bear well up to fifty, sixty, or seventy years, and some even give fair crops at the age of one hundred years. The white grape generally succeeds better than the black in the Cognac district, especially in years when no great injury is done by frost. Some of the Cognac farmers seen by Mr. Tovey, though making but a poor appearance as regards clothes, were wealthy men; a man worth eighty thousand pounds, and many worth between twenty and thirty thousand, were pointed out to the English visitor. During the last quarter of a century, the Cognac houses' prices have varied from 60 francs the hectolitre, equal to 3s. the gallon in London, to 300 francs, equal to 12s. 6d. per gallon. And the English duty during the same period has been altered from 22s. 10d. per gallon in 1846 to 15s. per gallon, again reduced in 1858 to 8s. 6d. per gallon, which, in 1860, was advanced to 10s. 5d. per gallon, at which it remains at the present time. Duties and all other restrictions must have been magnanimously disregarded on the occasion thus described by the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—

On the 25th of October, 1694, a bowl of Punch was made at the Right Hon. Edward Russell's house, when he was Captain General Commander in Chief of His Majesty's forces in the Mediterranean Sea. It was made in a fountain in a garden in the middle of four walks, all covered overhead with orange and lemon trees; and in every walk was a table, the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, namely :—

4 hogsheads brandy
25,000 lemons
20 gallons lime juice
1,300 weight of fine white Lisbon sugar
5 lbs. grated nutmegs
300 toasted biscuits
One pipe of dry mountain Malaga.

Over the fountain was a large canopy to keep off the rain, and there was built upon a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain and filled the cups to the company, and, in all probability, more than 6,000 men drank thereof.

Its intrinsic excellence will plead an excuse for the following extract, describing "Our Own" Punch:—

OUR OWN.

Moisten with boiling water three or four knobs of sugar in a full size tumbler; when the sugar is dissolved, add one wine glass full of old rum, half a wine glass of full flavoured port or sherry, and half a wine glass of best orange bitters. Fill the tumbler up with boiling water and stir together.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

In aid of the FUNDS of the GENERAL HOSPITAL, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, September 6, 7, 8, and 9, 1863.

Principals—Mademoiselle Titiere, Madame Rubensdorff, Madame Lemmens-Shering, and Mademoiselle Adelina Patti; Madame Sainson-Dolby and Miss Palmer; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Signor Mario; Mr. Santley and Mr. Weiss.

Solo Pianoforte—Madame Arabella Goddard. Solo Violin—M. Sainson.

Organist—Mr. STIMPSON.

Conductor—Mr. COSTA.

OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.

TUESDAY MORNING.—"St. Paul," Mendelssohn.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.—"Naaman" (an Oratorio), Costa. Composed expressly for the occasion.

THURSDAY MORNING.—"Moses," Handel.

FRIDAY MORNING.—"Mount of Olives," Beethoven; Service in G, Mozart; "Solomon," Donizetti.

TUESDAY EVENING.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Cantata, "The Bride of Donkeron," Henry Smart; Overture, "La Gazzza Ladra," Rossini; Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, Mendelssohn; Selections from Operas, &c.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.—A Grand Concert, comprising a Hymn of Praise, "Lobgesang," Mendelssohn; Overture, "Euryanthe," Weber; Duet, Pianoforte and Violin; Classical Vocal Selections, &c.

THURSDAY EVENING.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Cantata, "Kendalworth," A. S. Sullivan (composed expressly for the occasion); Grand Concerto, Pianoforte; Overture, "William Tell," Rossini; Selections from Operas, &c.

FRIDAY EVENING.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Cantata, "Kendalworth," A. S. Sullivan (composed expressly for the occasion); Grand Concerto, Pianoforte; Overture, "William Tell," Rossini; Selections from Operas, &c.

Detailed Programme of the Performances, with Prices of Tickets. Arrangements for the Ballot and Allotment of Places, Register of Lodgings, Special Railway Arrangements, &c., will be forwarded by Post on application to Mr. HENRY HOWELL, Secretary to the Committee, 29 Waterloo Street.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM, South Kensington

Museum, W.—The following PRIZES to ART-WORKMEN are now offered:

For SILVER WORK, Ten Pounds, and Five Guineas (the latter given by Mr. H. Heathcote and Mr. H. H. Heathcote).

For TRANSPARENT ENAMELS, Ten Pounds (given by the ECOLENOLOGICAL SOCIETY and Mr. Bassano's Sons).

For OPAQUE ENAMELS, Ten Pounds (given by Mr. BURKIN).

Smaller Prizes will be added at the discretion of the Council.

Particulars may be had by enclosing a Directed and Stamped Envelope to the Hon. Secy., at 13 Stratford Place, London, W.

A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, President.

GEO. GILBERT SCOTT, Treasurer.

JOSEPH CLARKE, Hon. Secy.

EXHIBITION of WORKS of CHRISTIAN ART at MECHELEN, BELGIUM.—EXHIBITION of Choice WORKS of ART of the MEDIEVAL and RENAISSANCE PERIODS, on Loan from Church Corporations, and Private Collections, to open August 25, and remain on View until September 25. Admission, until September 3, 5 francs; after that date, 1 franc.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY in IRELAND.—QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY.—SESSION, 1864-5.

On Tuesday, the 29th of October next, an EXAMINATION will be held for the Matriculation of Students in the Faculties of ARTS, LAW, and MEDICINE, and in the Department of MUSICAL PREDILECTION.

The Examination for SCHOLARSHIPS will commence on Monday, October 21. The Council have the power of conferring Eight Senior Scholarships of the value of £40 each, viz.—Seven in the Faculty of Arts, and One in the Faculty of Law; and Forty-six Junior Scholarships, viz.—Fifteen in Literature and Fifteen in Science, of the value of £20 each; Three in Law, of the value of £20 each; Eight in Medicine, of the value of £25 each; and Five in Jurisprudence, of the value of £25 each.

The Council is also empowered to award at the same Examination, in addition to the scholarships, several Prizes varying in value from £10 to £15, and amounting in the aggregate to £100.

The Scholarship Examination will be preceded by the Examination for the "Feet Exhibitions."

Special Classes will be formed at the commencement of the Session for the preparation of Candidates for the India Civil Service Examination.

A Prospectus, containing full information as to the Subjects of Examination and Courses of Instruction, may be obtained on application to the Registrar.

By Order of the President, WILLIAM LUTON, M.A., Registrar.

Galway, August 16, 1864.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL—SESSION, 1864 and 1865.—A GENERAL INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Dr. CLAPTON, the Dean, on Saturday, October 1, at Three o'clock p.m., after which the DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES will take place.

To Enter, or to obtain Prospects, the Conditions of all the Prizes, and further Information, apply to Mr. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary, the Manor House, St. Thomas's Hospital, Newington, Surrey, S.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.—

(A) Two open Scholarships of the value of £20 a year each, tenable for Four Years, will be examined for at Wellington and Thame, 11th and 13th of October next (and annually), open to all comers, without restriction, being under Fourteen years of age.

(B) Two Foundation Scholarships, limited to Sons of Officers under Eighteen years of age, will be examined for in February 1865, and Two in June 1865.

(C) Additional (Wellseley) Scholarships and Exhibitions are open only to Members of the Royal Naval and Military Forces.

For information as to the Examination apply to the Head Master, Rev. E. W. BESON, Wellington College, near Wokingham; or to the Secretary, GEORGE CHANCE, Esq., Treasury, Whitehall, S.W., to whom Names of Candidates are to be sent in before the Examination.

N.B.—Candidates for the Foundation Scholarships must have their Names entered on the Secretary's List at least a Fortnight previously.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—TOURIST TICKETS

for ONE MONTH are now issued from Paddington, Victoria, Hanmerthorpe, Kensington, Newbury, Reading, Basingstoke, Winchester, Southampton, Glastonbury, and Frome, to Road Stations, to the COASTS of SOMERSET, DEVON, and CORNWALL; namely, Minehead, Linton, Ilfracombe, &c., Teignmouth, Torquay, Totnes, Plymouth, Falmouth, Fowey.

Also NEWPORT and the Channel Islands.

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Also to the ISLE OF MAN, via Liverpool.

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TICKETS are issued for CIRCULAR TOURS NORTH and SOUTH WALES by Five Road Stations.

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IRELAND: Lakes of Killarney, Limerick, &c.

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Faddington, July 1864.

J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES.

Director—Sir RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, K.C.B., F.R.S., &c.

During the Session, 1864-5, which will commence on October 3, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:

1. Chemistry—By A. W. Hoffmann, LL.D., F.R.S., &c.
2. Metallurgy—By John Percy, M.A., F.R.S.
3. Natural History—By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy—By Warington W. Smyth, M.A., F.R.S.
5. Mining.
6. Geology—By A. Ramsay, F.R.S.
7. Applied Mechanics—By Robert Willis, M.A., F.R.S.
8. Painting—By T. T. Rymer, R.A.

Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, by Rev. J. H. Hirstone Edgar, M.A.

The Fee for Students desirous of becoming Associates is £30 in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of £20, exclusive of the Laboratories.

Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratory of the School), under the direction of Dr. Hoffmann, and in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Percy.

Two separate Course of Lectures are issued at £3 and £4 each.

Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Consuls, acting Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain Tickets at reduced prices.

Certified Schoolmasters, Pupil-teachers, and others engaged in Education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees.

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For a Prospectus and information, apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jersey Street, London, S.W.

TRENTHAM REEKS, Registrar.

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CLARENCE HOUSE COLLEGIATE and COMMERCIAL SCHOOL, Kensington Road, S.—The THIRD TERM of the current Year will commence on Monday, September 12.—For a Prospectus, containing full particulars, apply to the PRINCIPAL.

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INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE INSTITUTE, 8 St. Peter's Square, W.

Principal—Rev. Canon FREW, M.A. PUPILS are prepared at the Establishment both for the First and for the Second Examinations for the Civil Service of India. At the late Open or Competitive Examination, the only Pupil sent in direct from the Institute obtained 8th place on 1,861 marks.

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THE INDIAN and HOME CIVIL SERVICES, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MATHEMATICALS, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

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THE REV. G. C. SWAYNE, late Fellow of C. C. C. Oxford, and Classical Moderator in 1855, will be ready in October to take TWO PUPILS at Freiburg-in-the-Breisgau. Terms high.—Address, till October 1, F. 150, Darmstadt; after that date, Freiburg, Baden, Germany.

AN OXFORD B.A. and Public School Man (Rugby) wishes to spend the Winter on the Continent, and is desirous of doing so with the Family of some Noblemen or Gentlemen whom he may act as TUTOR to a Youth of from Ten to Fourteen Years of Age. He would have no objection to travel with a Youth as Sole Charge. Good references given.—Address, Oxon, Ashford Lodge, Halstead, Essex.

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EVERY man has marked the unpleasant, dirty appearance of a GLASS-EYE, which can always be detected by the Discrepancy of the Pupil. But it is now known that M. BOISSONNEAU, See, Oculist to the French Army and Hospitals, of 11 Rue de Meuron, Paris, has invented a little *Chir d'Espresso* in ENAMEL, which combines the attributes of Lightness, Solidity, and Comfort with the expressive motion of Visual Organs. The injured Eye requires no previous operation. The new prosthesis can be inserted without disturbing the patient; Children even bear it without a murmur.

M. BOISSONNEAU will be in London (Symond's Hotel, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square) on the 15th and 16th of September. Persons desirous of communicating with him by correspondence are solicited to send the Colour of the Eye required, and a Photograph of the Face not coloured.

MONEY.—£10,000.—IMMEDIATE ADVANCES are MADE to Officers in the Army and others, with secrecy and despatch, by a Private Gentleman, upon Note of Hand, Life Interests, Reversions, Legacies, Land, House, or other Property, 5 per cent.—Address, A. B., 6 Norris Street, St. James's, S.W.

BRIGHTON.—THE ROYAL LIBRARY, 170 North Street; G. WAKELING, Proprietor.—The NEW CATALOGUE is now ready, and contains more than 20,000 volumes, the careful selection of the last 70 years, together with a large supply of all the newest Works.—The spacious Reading Rooms have been thoroughly refurnished.

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N.B.—Lists of Prices on application.

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